HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 17, 1881.

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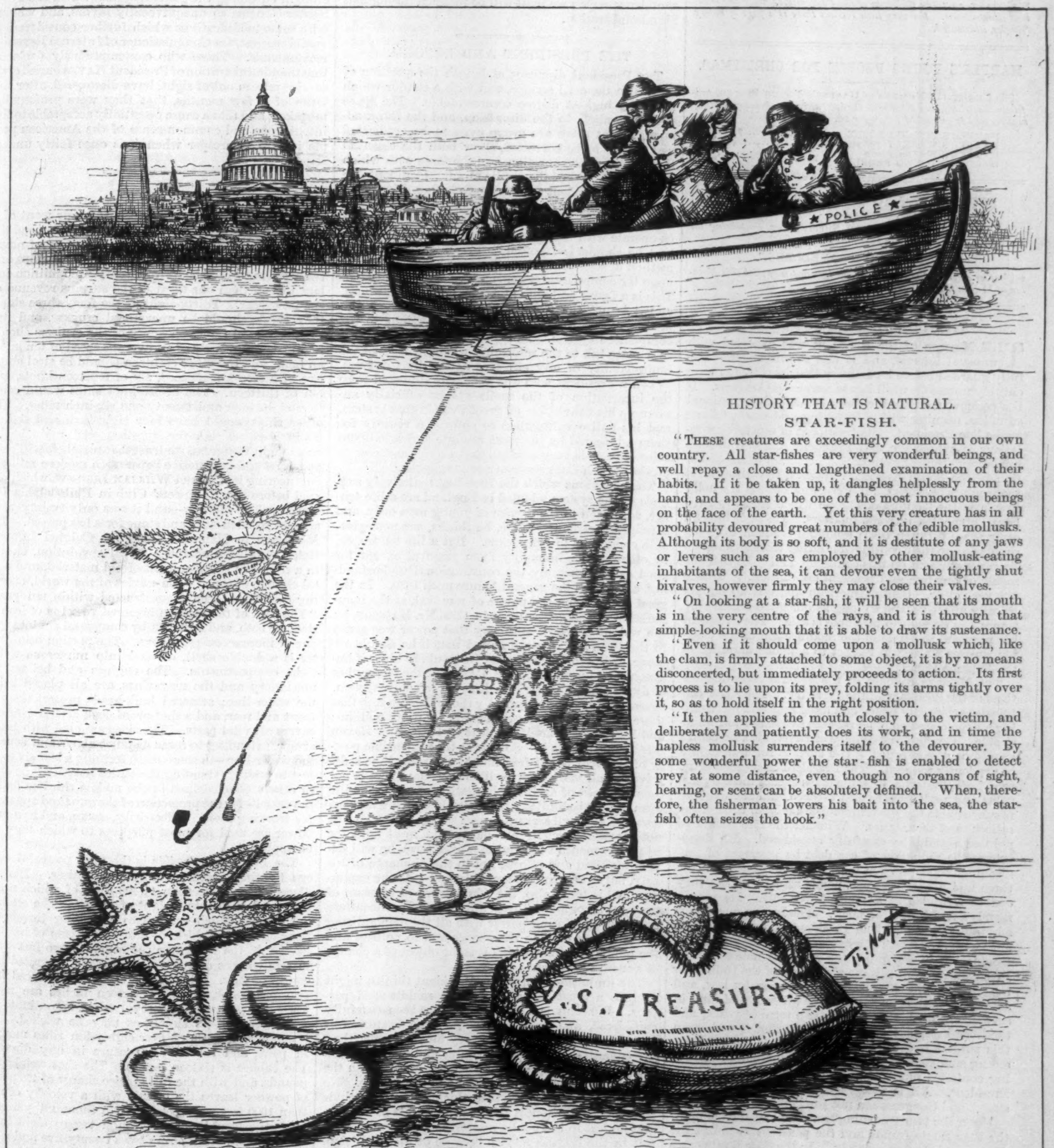


IT TAKES A STAR TO CATCH A STAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 17, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 111, *published December* 13, *offers its readers a pleasant foretaste of Christmas in a story by* Mrs. Margaret Eytinge, *entitled "Lady Rags," with an admirable illustration by* Sol. Eytinge, Jun. *This is followed by a very attractive article, entitled "The Fairy Fungi," with six illustrations by the author,* Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick. *Jimmy Brown relates, with the help of an illustration, another of his remarkable efforts, this time nearly successful, to please his elders. The current chapter of "Talking Leaves," illustrated, is very entertaining; while the shorter sketches and poems display characteristic brightness and originality. Among them is an interesting article by* Mrs. Helen S. Conant, *on "The Children of the Pantomime," with two brilliant illustrations. For very little readers there is a page of merry Jingles, illustrated.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas Number *of* Harper's Young People, *profusely illustrated, and filled with the most attractive holiday reading matter, will be published December* 20.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year	$1 50
HARPER'S WEEKLY, per year	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE } per year	5 00

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An Eight-page Illustrated Supplement, *containing the conclusion of* Mr. Hardy's *fascinating story,*

"BENIGHTED TRAVELLERS,"

with other entertaining matter, is issued gratuitously with this Number of Harper's Weekly.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President was expected with unusual interest, and it was so wisely and carefully guarded before its delivery that its contents were entirely unknown until it was sent in to Congress. It is a comprehensive and clear statement of the national situation, opening with a becoming and warm tribute to the late President. Its treatment of our foreign relations is exhaustive, and President ARTHUR devotes much more than the customary attention to the condition of the South American states. His allusion to the troubles between Chili, Peru, and Bolivia is wholly free from the "bumptious" tone which seems to have been anticipated in some quarters. He says that an early peace between these republics is much to be desired, because their continued hostility threatens republican government on this continent, and "the best elements of our free and peaceful civilization." This is not very clear. South American quarrels do not politically affect us, and so long as our government continues, the republican principle is safe. The President has proposed to England the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in respect to a joint guarantee of the Panama Canal.

The Message concurs in the general recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury. The silver certificates arbitrarily issued at a fixed rate, and representing a depreciated coin, he regards as useless and undesirable. Compulsory coinage of silver, also, he thinks should be discontinued. The surplus revenue should be prudently reduced. The President recommends the repeal of all internal revenue taxes except those on distilled and malt liquors and tobacco, and such license fees as enable the government properly to control the collection of these taxes. Whether the rate should be reduced should be carefully considered. He disapproves the reduction of the debt by payment of premium on bonds in open market, and suggests that the three and a half per cent. bonds remain, unless they can be refunded at a much lower rate. He recommends a revision of the tariff. The Indian question is admirably treated. The President shows, in accordance with the lessons of experience, that the root of the trouble lies in regarding the tribes as nations. The President recommends the absorption of the Indians in the mass of the citizens, their protection by law, and admission to the courts; also the allotment of land in severalty, with inalienability for a term of years; and the liberal support of schools. All that is said upon this subject is excellent. Not less so is the brief and strong statement of the necessity of legislation regarding contested electoral votes and the inability of the President. All is moderately but fully and plainly stated, and Congress can not justifiably avoid action.

Upon the two "burning" questions of the moment, the Star Route frauds and the pensions swindles, the Message speaks temperately. In the Star Route cases the President states briefly that he has enjoined upon the prosecuting officers the utmost vigor. The pensions matter is more fully discussed. The Message confirms the statement of the enormous sums that must be paid after allowing for all deductions. With the present force of clerks, the proper disposition of claims can not be made within less than six years, and an increase of the force is recommended, and also a special appropriation to prevent frauds. The President points out that the Mormons are settling in large numbers in Idaho, Arizona, and other Western Territories, and that the whole lawful power of the government should be turned to the extirpation of polygamy. There is always great difficulty in procuring legal evidence of the crime, and the President suggests a modification of the law which incapacitates a wife from testifying against her husband, and the passage of an act providing that a woman married to a man charged with bigamy shall not be disqualified as a witness, and an act requiring, under stringent penalties, a properly filed certificate of marriages in the Territories. The President treats at length the question of reform of the civil service, and this part of his suggestions we consider in a separate article. The Message has impressed the country very favorably, and with the reticence and dignity of the President's bearing since his accession, has won for him a regard and confidence which we trust will be retained throughout his administration.

THE PRESIDENT AND REFORM.

THE President discusses at length the question of reform in the civil service, and with a candor which is in the highest degree commendable. The space which he allots to the discussion, and the frank admission that there are grave evils to be eradicated and abuses to be corrected, show both the essential importance of the question, and the force with which it has taken hold of the public mind. President ARTHUR, like President GARFIELD, feels that reform can not be complete or thorough without the co-operation of Congress, and he declares his perfect readiness to co-operate with Congress. Indeed, he says distinctly that he should feel bound to give his approval to a method of selection for appointment based essentially upon the competitive system as developed in England. This is a frank and wise and unexpected declaration, and it is not the less significant because the President proceeds to state the usual objections to the competitive system. Nor do we regard his remarks as a mere tub to the reforming whale in view of the improbability of any effective action by Congress. When a President who was generally supposed to be the incarnation of the spoils system officially announces his conviction of great evils in that system, and his entire willingness to enforce a remedy for them advocated by the most resolute and intelligent reformers, it is very evident that there are forces in motion which Congress can not long resist.

The objections which the President tentatively suggests to the system adopted in England are a life tenure, admission to the service of young men only, and a retiring pension. These, he thinks, are not agreeable conditions to Americans. But a life tenure, or, in other words, immunity from removal except for good cause, is simply the constitutional understanding, and it was the general tenure until 1820. In the great debate upon the power of removal, at the inauguration of the government in 1789, Mr. MADISON, by the weight of whose authority that power was given to the President alone, declared that if he should remove, except for proper cause, he would be himself impeached and removed. Mr. RANDALL, the biographer of JEFFERSON, although holding to the spoils system, agrees that it was undoubtedly the understanding that there should be no removal merely for party opinion; and JEFFERSON himself, in his reply to the New Haven merchants, admits it. So long as the responsible power of removal is left free, and at the same time is deprived of all motive for its illicit exercise, there is not only no need of arbitrary limitation of term, but the term can not be limited without producing mischievous results. If a civil servant knows that good service will not necessarily retain him, but that he must fight for re-appointment at the end of a fixed term, he will devote his time and efforts, not to the discharge of his duty, but to securing re-appointment. At the expiration of his term, also, the whole force of pressure of personal favor and political influence will concentrate upon the appointing power with all the demoralizing consequences both to the service and to politics and the public character which it is the object of a change of system to correct.

The limitation of age, the President thinks, might exclude a great many intelligent middle-aged persons. But that is a point which has been carefully considered, and upon the whole such exclusion is found to be a disadvantage very much smaller than the advantage of securing young and vigorous men who will rise by merit and capacity, and furnish the experience which is indispensable to the service. No plan, indeed, can be devised which will not exclude some persons whom it might be desirable to include. But no loss to the public interest has been practically felt in the English service because of this provision. The President says also that certain indispensable qualities, such as tact, good sense, probity, good temper, patience, good manners, etc., can not be determined by examination in knowledge of books. True: and still less can they be determined by the recommendation of a boss, or a committee, or by an irresponsible petition. But the President curiously omits to mention that the reformed system proposes to ascertain these qualities in the only way in which they can be satisfactorily and adequately ascertained; that is, by probation. Probation is as essential a part of the system as competition. The competitive examination disposes of personal and political influence, and selects the applicant who is apparently most generally intelligent and most specially fitted. But he is not finally appointed until by an actual trial of six months, or, as Commissioner RAUM suggests, of a year, he is found to be possessed of the very qualities which, as President ARTHUR says, no mere examination can determine. It will be seen, therefore, that the objections which the President suggests, and which Congress will undoubtedly echo, are really disposed of by careful consideration. Meanwhile he recommends an appropriation of $25,000 to carry on the work of the existing Commission. It is of the highest significance, however, and of the best augury, that the President should have professed his willingness to co-operate in enforcing the general system which the Postmaster-General so unequivocally favors, and which, with some modifications which further consideration would suggest, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue recommends. Those who contemptuously declared that the administration of President HAYES buried civil service reform out of sight, have discovered, after the lapse of a few months, that they were profoundly mistaken, and that a cause essentially acceptable to the intelligence and common-sense of the American people is sure to prosper when it is once fairly understood.

THE NAVY.

THE Secretary of the Navy laments our want of a navy, and the Naval Advisory Board recommend the immediate construction of a proper system of naval defense. They propose to build forty-three ships and twenty-five torpedo boats for twenty-nine million dollars, or less than one-third of the surplus revenue of the past year. Thirty-eight of the forty-three ships, they think, should be unarmored cruisers, and five should be steel rams. Twenty of the cruisers should be wooden gun-boats of an average speed of ten knots an hour, and the other eighteen should be steel ships, two of fifteen knots speed, six of fourteen knots, and ten of thirteen. The fifteen-knot ships would carry four eight-inch and twenty-one six-inch rifles. The other ships would have four eight-inch and sixteen six-inch rifles. As the question will undoubtedly come up in Congress, we trust that members will refer to a brief and instructive paper upon modern military engineering by Colonel WILLIAM LUDLOW, which was read before the Engineers' Club in Philadelphia last March. The old day—and it was only twenty years ago—of wooden ships and stone forts has passed. The *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, as Colonel LUDLOW states, effected a complete naval revolution, ending in a complete abandonment of old material, and a total change of type. The navies of the world, excepting ours, have been reconstructed within ten years. "The hull of the modern armored vessel is of iron or steel, or both, and is driven by compound engines with one or more screw-propellers. The portion below water is a double shell, divided into numerous water-tight compartments. The engines and boilers, the machinery and the magazines, are all placed below the water-line; armored bulk-heads protect them in front and rear, and a shot-proof deck arches over and covers all vital parts. The sides are clad with heavy armor, extending to some distance above and beneath the water-line—in some cases forming a belt six to ten feet in width, extending the entire length of the ship; in others, concentrated in the middle third or half of the vessel—for the protection of the guns and apparatus for working them. Electricity, steam, and hydraulic power are used for most purposes to which they can be applied."

The English *Inflexible* is the most powerful modern fighting-machine or mailed cruiser. Her displacement is more than 11,400 tons, of which nearly one-third is due to weight of armor. The walls of the citadel, which carry two revolving turrets, are forty-one inches thick, of alternate layers of iron and teak. At the water-line the armor is two feet thick, in two courses of twelve inches each, separated by a course of teak. The turrets are of steel-faced iron, two feet thick, of which sixteen inches are metal. They can be completely revolved in one minute and a quarter, and as slowly as may be wished. The armament consists of four eighty-ton rifles mounted in pairs, and turned at pleasure in any direction. The calibre is sixteen inches. The shot weighs 1760 pounds, and with the full service charge of 460 pounds of powder leaves the muzzle with a velocity of more than 1600 feet per second. At a thousand yards the projectile would pierce through twenty-eight inches of solid iron. The ship draws twenty-five and a half feet of water, and can be driven at a rate of nearly sixteen miles an hour. The cost was $3,150,000. The French and Italians are engaged in brisk naval competition with England. The Italians have rifled guns of 100 tons, throwing a shot of more than 2000 pounds weight. They are building two vessels of not less than 13,500 tons displacement, with an armament of four 100-ton guns, and eighteen others of less weight. The building of the vessels will require four or five

years. They will sail at the rate of sixteen knots, and cost $4,000,000 each.

Colonel LUDLOW does not recommend entering into rivalry with such structures. He thinks that we may wisely begin the construction of a navy with swift cruisers of iron or steel, making twenty-one and a half miles an hour, or with vessels of iron and steel sheathed with wood, having strength, durability, speed, seaworthiness, and carrying a heavy armament. Or there are the "composite" vessels with metal frames, double planked and coppered. They could not cope with the *Inflexibles*, but they could evade them; and with such vessels, of 3000 to 4000 tons, a speed of fifteen to seventeen knots, carrying ten or twelve inch rifles, and costing from $500,000 to $1,000,000, we can begin to rebuild our navy. The theory of the *Inflexible* need not be the theory of our navy. Our need is that of swift, easily managed ships in the hands of skillful seamen. This is the proposition of the Naval Board, as it is the suggestion of Colonel LUDLOW. We need, above all armies and navies, however, a policy just and generous which does not provoke war. With such a policy and a proper navy, we shall remain at peace with honor. Let us trust in God, but also keep our powder dry.

THE PENSIONS FRAUD.

THERE was never a more universal protest than that which has been made against the Arrears of Pensions Bill. The Commissioner of Pensions estimates that nearly 200,000 claims will have to be granted by the time that the law expires at the end of 1882, and that $235,000,000 will be required to pay them. It is not doubted that there are enormous frauds perpetrated under cover of the bill to obtain the $1300 which is the average sum paid to claimants. It is a startling expense which the country is called to meet, and there is a natural inquiry into the responsibility for the dilemma.

The facts appear to be that the bill was passed without careful inquiry or proper knowledge. The real influence that secured its passage was timidity. No party, and few individual members of Congress, dared to alienate the "soldiers' vote." The appeal was made in the names of those wounded and diseased in the service of the country and for its salvation. The immense frauds which are always sure to attend such bills were overlooked. Moreover, there were assertions that $18,000,000 or $35,000,000 would be the utmost sum required. The bill was passed by the vote of both parties, and it would have been doubtless passed again over a veto.

The evil can not be undone, but its continuous ill consequences can be arrested. Congress could do no better service than to order a thorough and sharp investigation of the whole pension list, and of all the circumstances of the passage of the law, including the influences that procured the removal of Commissioner BENTLEY. It ought to be evident to the dullest politician that the increasing uneasy suspicion of vast systems of fraud in the disposition of the public money, such as the Whiskey Ring troubles, the Star Route cases, and the Arrears of Pensions Bill suggest, is a dangerous portent for the party of the Administration. A thousandfold more important for the welfare of the Republican party than the propitiation of "bosses" is the demonstration to the public mind that there is a resolution to probe in every direction, and to expose and pursue and punish without mercy swindles and crimes of every kind, whether perpetrated by Republicans under a Republican administration or not. The anti-Republican argument drawn from the disclosure of such facts is not half so powerful as the pro-Republican argument drawn from their unhesitating pursuit and punishment.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THERE could be no more kindly holiday visitor than OLIVER GOLDSMITH. His sweet and gentle and humane genius seems to bring Christmas and good-will with it. The story of no author is more familiar, and none is more fascinating and touching. In all the literature of the last century, no strain is purer or more permanent than his. No tale is more perennially charming than the *Vicar of Wakefield*; no English poem is of a truer pathos than the "Deserted Village." GOLDSMITH is one of the very few authors of any time who inspire personal affection, whom we love and pity and admire.

It is in a beautiful library form that the HARPERS present him in their new edition. It is a reprint of PETER CUNNINGHAM'S, the best Goldsmith, and it is uniform with the series of histories and biographies and essays—the Hume and Gibbon and Motley and Hildreth and Macaulay, which are among the finest American issues of great authors at a reasonable price, which makes them universally accessible.

It is pleasant to read a good book in any form, but it is pleasanter to have a book of permanent value in a becoming form—a form which, in fact, can never grow old. Every lover and reader and owner of books has works upon his shelves which may be a half-century old or older, but they are so neatly and handsomely printed that he is never tormented with a desire to replace them, and never looks with envy at the later editions. The new Goldsmith is one of these works. It is so satisfactory that it will hold its place on the shelves, as GOLDSMITH holds his in the heart, against all future comers.

HOW TO GIVE ALMS.

THE other day three or four excellent persons gave, unknown to each other, a large sum of money at the door to a beggar-woman. She was a notoriously undeserving person, of the worst character, and well known to the committee of relief in the neighborhood. The money was worse than wasted; but with the careful organization of charitable relief which is now common, almost every cent given at the door and in the street is wasted. It is impossible to know the truth of the tale told at the door, and experience has incontestably proved that it is generally false. A small part of the money absolutely thrown away in this ignorant and senseless almsgiving would suffice for the proper care of the poor in any community.

There is plenty of actual want and suffering. But to give money ignorantly only increases them. The course to pursue is not to slam the door in the face of the beggar, nor to shake the head and pass him in the street, but to inquire into the reality of the necessity. And as this can not be often done personally, it may be done by proxy. In many villages and counties there are societies and committees whose business it is to conduct personally these inquiries; and we know one town in which, co-operating with the Superintendent of the Poor, the committee has reduced the necessary expenses for the care of the poor to a nominal sum. In the city there is the Society for the Relief of the Poor, of which tickets can be procured, and if the beggar is in need of something else than a dram, upon presenting the ticket at the office his case will be promptly investigated.

Ordinary almsgiving is not charity; it is merely costly selfishness. The money is given to escape trouble. It is because he knows this that the beggar is troublesome. Let it be understood by experience in any community that giving at the door is abolished, but that every applicant's case will be examined, and the applications will cease almost altogether, and the money that is given for the poor will not increase idleness and drunkenness, nor help to breed hereditary paupers and criminals.

WOOD-ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

THE wonderful delicacy and beauty of the illustrations in American magazines excite intense admiration in Europe, where nothing of the kind appears to be attainable with the methods practiced there at present, and the artists and critics of the Old World are puzzled to account for the difference. In a recent letter to the publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the editor of a Paris illustrated paper widely known for the force, dash, and brilliancy of its artistic work, asks for information on this point, and especially inquires whether the magazine illustrations are produced, to quote his own words, "by the ordinary process of engraving on wood and electrotyping, which seems to us inadequate to produce such very fine work, or whether you use some particular way of reduction by photo-engraving." He also desires to know what kind of printing-presses are used, and at what speed they work.

Both inquiries are pertinent. The delicacy to which the art of wood-engraving has attained in this country would be thrown away if it were not supplemented by paper which is superior for the purpose to any which is manufactured in Europe, and by the most delicate refinements of the art of press-work as regards machinery and manipulation. In these branches America is far ahead of Europe. A few years ago a Frenchman would have answered with incredulous smile and shrug the insinuation that anything concerning art could be learned from America, but he now acknowledges with frank cordiality that the world is indebted to this country for the best work in wood-engraving and in fine-art printing. Notable instances of this superiority are to be found in every number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE issued in recent years, and in such books as GIBSON'S *Pastoral Days* and *The Heart of the White Mountains*. As a singular triumph of American press-work it may be mentioned that the first edition of DORÉ'S illustrations to *The Ancient Mariner*, printed by HARPER & BROTHERS from French electrotype plates, was acknowledged to surpass the French edition in all the qualities that have raised press-work to the grade of a fine art.

THE GRAND STREET CARD HOUSES.

THE events of yesterday are soon forgotten, but the catastrophe of the falling houses in Grand Street a few weeks since is still remembered. Two tenement-houses, one owned by JAMES O'BRIEN and the other by JULIUS LEVY, fell suddenly, and ten persons were buried in the ruins and killed. The jury that sat upon the inquest heard everything patiently, and found that it was to the carelessness of the Building Department of 1879, and to the gross negligence of O'BRIEN and LEVY in not informing their tenants of the dangerous condition of the buildings, that the disaster is due.

The jury found also that the mode of procedure of the Fire Department, in the management of the Building Department regarding the notification to owners and lessees that buildings are unsafe, is "highly reprehensible" and illegal, and that the Fire Department is indirectly responsible for the accident. It finally expresses "the opinion that a system which renders such accidents possible is highly to be deprecated."

It will be interesting to observe whether anything follows from this verdict, or whether such houses will continue to be run up and to tumble down as heretofore.

THE FRIEND OF ANIMALS.

IN a recent letter Mr. BERGH with just pride asserts the great service that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has accomplished. Before its organization, says Mr. BERGH, and truly,

"the eyes of the citizens were continually confronted with the most painful and demoralizing exhibitions of cruelty to domestic animals. Calves were carried along through the streets in a manner shocking to behold, dog and cock fights were of nightly occurrence, and kind treatment of that noblest of animals, the horse, was the exception and not the rule; and what is worse than all, a sentiment of inhumanity was engendered thereby, which made itself felt in all the relations of life.

"No respectable journal or citizen will deny that during the sixteen years of its unselfish labors a vast reform has taken place in everything relating to the treatment of animals, and that a spirit of tenderness and mercy toward those humble creatures has taken the place of almost universal indifference. Starting alone in this civilizing work, at the beginning, it has spread its example over two-thirds of our vast country; and, more than that, has given to it and to the world the first organized institution for the protection of the children of mankind from cruelty."

There is no doubt that the spectacle of inhumanity has largely disappeared, and that every driver who falls into a rage with his horse is restrained by the consciousness of a probable cloud of witnesses. Indeed, when we think not only of our dependence upon the domestic animals, but upon the fondness of every household for its dog or horse, it is surprising that no voice was lifted with authority and power for these dumb friends and companions until Mr. BERGH spoke.

If only the dumb could speak, and the benefited know their benefactor, no statesman in the land, and probably no other man, would hear a chorus of gratitude at once so universal and so sincere as that which would salute the untiring friend of animals, Mr. BERGH.

PERSONAL.

THE beautiful Mrs. LANGTRY again occupies the attention of London society journals, for her complete success in a dramatic performance recently given at Twickenham for the benefit of a hospital. Mr. EDMUND YATES, in the *World*, says that, "to the astonishment of some and the delight of all, her performance was marked by none of the embarrassment of the débutante. Not only did she appear quite at ease in all her movements on the stage, but her voice never betrayed the slightest tremor or weakness."

—Mr. HENRY IRVING'S recent engagement of twelve nights at Edinburgh, where he passed his student theatrical life, was, he says, the most remarkable one in any theatre in Great Britain, the receipts being $21,500. His Glasgow engagement amounted to over $20,000. Mr. IRVING'S little speech at the conclusion of the performance was very felicitous. Indeed, his lecture at Edinburgh on "The Stage" shows him to be as much at home on the platform as he is before the foot-lights.

—"A Non-resident American," in the November number of the *Contemporary Review*, says: "The theatres of New York are very numerous, and of every variety, including one belonging to an Episcopal clergyman, and conducted on religious principles." This "Non-resident American" is altogether mistaken. There is no theatre in New York belonging to an Episcopal clergyman, or any other clergyman, nor has there been one. It is known that the Madison Square Theatre is the property of a gentleman who is proprietor of a religious journal, but he is not and never has been a clergyman.

—Apropos of the growing appreciation of American art in Europe, to which allusion is made elsewhere in this paper, we may mention that the November number of *L'Art*, the well-known Parisian fine-art journal, contains the first of a series of papers on FREDERICK E. CHURCH, of this city. The author gives a critical and highly appreciative analysis of Mr. CHURCH'S genius and achievements, illustrated with fine reproductions of three of his etchings—"A Pastoral," "The Witch's Daughter," and "A Chilly Day."

—We were inaccurate in saying recently that Mr. JOHN P. HOWARD'S gift to the "Home" in Burlington, Vermont, was the largest single gift ever made in Vermont to a charitable institution. We had forgotten that "The Mary Fletcher Hospital" was built in Burlington some five years ago, and its charity founded in the gift of $200,000 by Miss MARY FLETCHER, who still lives, and is held in deserved esteem by the Burlingtonians. A few years before, Miss FLETCHER and her mother founded the Free Library of that city by the gift of $24,000.

—JENNY LIND, according to Mr. M. D. CONWAY, now resides in London, and is by no means the aged lady that some reports describe. She is sixty, but does not look fifty, her hair slightly tinged with gray, her eyes bright and happy, and her form well preserved. Her home is spacious and attractive. She retains warm memories of America, and has kindly welcomed and advised the young American singers who have sought her out. But her general advice to aspirants is—*don't*.

—Mr. JOHN HABBERTON'S *Helen's Babies* is said to have sold to the extent of 150,000 copies. His play of *Deacon Crankett*, now running at the Madison Square Theatre, bids fair to surpass even the popularity of those remarkable infants.

—Mr. E. A. FREEMAN, the historian, recently visited the first school for colored children in Baltimore, and was much interested. Mr. FREEMAN is an English magistrate, and while here is giving special attention to American jurisprudence. He visited the Baltimore Common Pleas a few days since, and occupied a seat on the bench beside the judge.

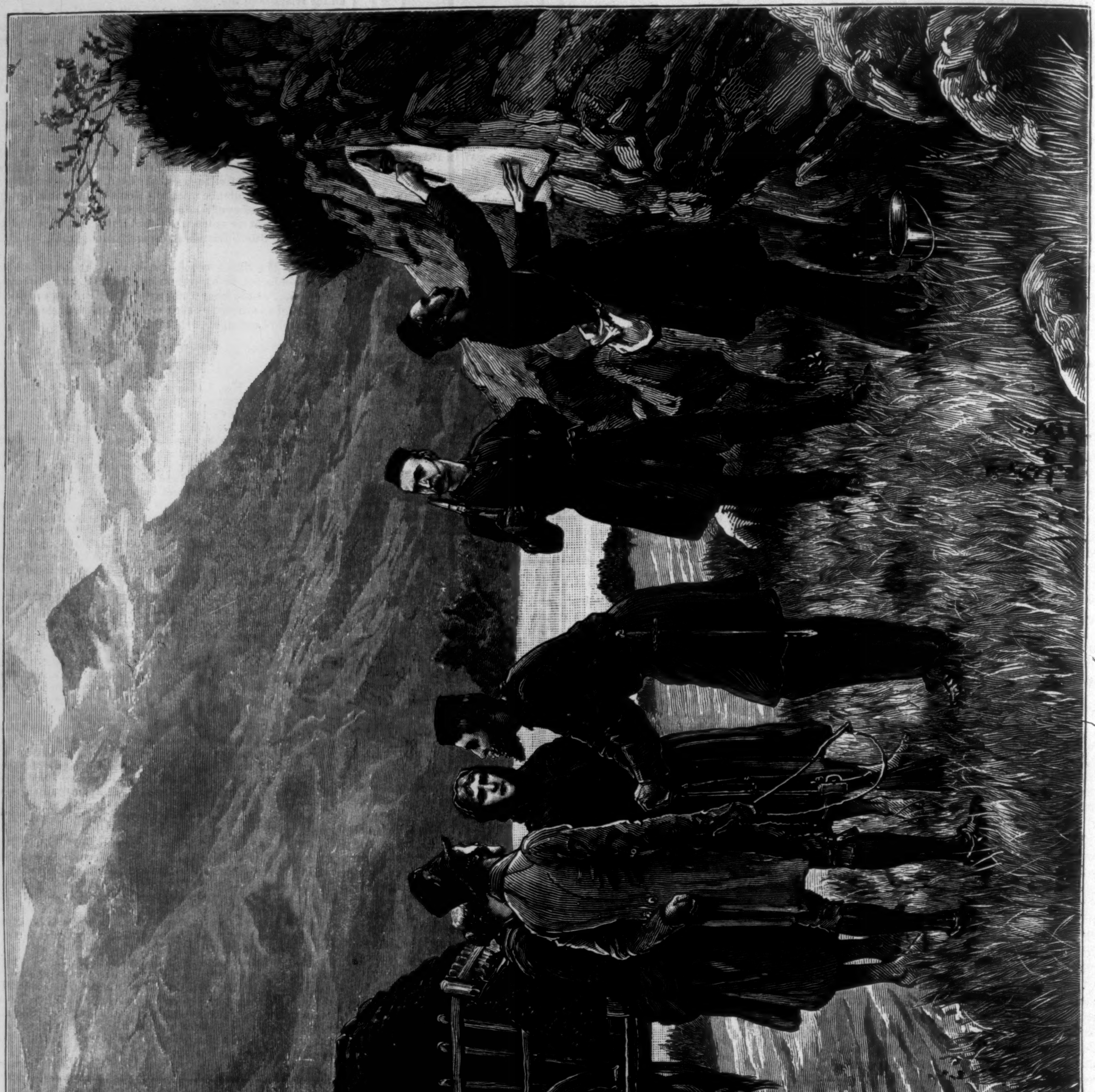
—The late PAUL DARLING, of Brookville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, was a humorist, and a very good humorist. In his will he bequeathed $25 to ex-Congressman GEORGE A. JENKS, "because I am proud of him as a Jefferson County production, and like him as a man"; $25 to Judge GORDON, of the Supreme Court, "on account of our long friendship"; to Judge W. P. JENKS, of the Jefferson County Court, "whom I have known so long when we were not worth $200, but we have both since dug along, $25"; to "J. H. GARRISON, JOHN T. THOMPSON, and JOSEPH DARR, each $5000, to help them in business; and to JAMES A. CATHERS $5000, to lift him out of trouble." Truly Mr. DARLING *was* a darling.

—The dinner on Saturday evening, December 3, to Mr. WHITELAW REID, president of the Lotos Club, by the members of that fascinating organization, was a very bright affair, bringing out pat and witty speeches from Mr. EVARTS, Mr. DEPEW, General PORTER, RICHARD O'GORMAN, and others.

—Mr. THEODORE S. FAXTON, ex-Mayor of Utica, who died a few days since at the age of eighty-seven, was one of the early promoters of the electric telegraph, in which he added to a fortune previously large. Like many of his associates—MORGAN, WELLS, SIBLEY, CORNELL, etc.—he was a public benefactor. He founded the Old Ladies' Home and the Home for Aged Men, of Utica, and gave Faxton Hall to that city.

—The *Evening Express* and *Evening Mail* having absorbed each other, so to speak, are sailing along very successfully under the management of Major BUNDY, so widely and highly esteemed by the editorial profession of the country. The typographical appearance of the new journal is bright and attractive, and worthy its bright and attractive contents.

—The Rev. W. H. MILBURN'S friends scattered throughout the country may be interested to know that he has fixed his residence at No. 140 East Twenty-seventh Street, in this city, and is prepared to arrange with lecture committees and lyceums for the delivery of any of his lectures, which have attained so wide and deserved popularity in this country and in England. Mr. MILBURN also holds himself in readiness to officiate temporarily for clergymen who may have occasion for his services as a preacher.



THE CONDITION OF IRELAND—POSTING THE GOVERNMENT PROCLAMATION IN CONNEMARA.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

There is nothing in the field of modern politics so curious and so puzzling as the condition of Ireland. An integral portion of one of the freest nations of the world, governed by a system which has become, in principle, the model on which all Continental peoples are more or less directly trying to reform their institutions, Ireland is in a state of open, violent insurrection, with which the great British Empire is apparently helpless to deal. The government on whose dominions the sun never sets is unable to protect life, liberty, or property in a little island at its very doors. A ministry under whose mild and liberal rule millions of men in remote lands live happy and contented can not reconcile to the laws of the realm a community of English-speaking people bound by closest ties with the people of England itself. On the other hand, a race, hardy, active, and naturally warm-hearted, are in a state of hopeless confusion, wildly, and to all seeming hopelessly, striving for visionary remedies for evils that multiply with the struggle.

It would be the height of presumption to assume that in the wide-spread and intense conflict going on in Ireland either the government or the discontented among the Irish are altogether right or altogether wrong. That the farmers of the south and west, in which disorder mostly prevails, have great cause for their discontent, is conceded by many of the most intelligent English critics. The land in these parts of Ireland is almost the sole source of livelihood. It varies greatly in productiveness; but, poor or good, it has been, for the most part, burdened with extravagant and often extortionate rents, exacted year by year without leases, and with no security to the tenant for any improvements he might make. In spite of this fact the land is eagerly sought, because it must be had: the farmer must get land or starve. Land may only postpone starvation, and the longer he holds it the more heavily in debt he may run himself; but however hard the terms, it must be had.

Some thirty years ago, a general estimate of the rental value of lands, known as "Griffith's valuation," was made by the government as a basis for the assessment of the poor-rates. For twenty years past at least the rents actually required have been on the average fifty per cent. more than this valuation, and have sometimes been three or five times higher. Such a burden was intolerable, and its existence

formed a rational and substantial basis for Irish discontent. It was equivalent to an irrevocable sentence of hopeless poverty, and no people, even though much more submissive than the Irish, could continually endure it. But the Irish are not the submissive race they once were. They have felt the influence of those of their number who came to this country and found conditions almost invariably more favorable, and a life infinitely more free, easy, hopeful, and prosperous. It is no wonder that they resisted, and, given their temperament, their general ignorance, and the galling and irremovable character of the oppression from which they suffered, it is no wonder that their resistance became violent and general, involving the innocent with the culpable, and that they fell at home, as they have too often fallen here, under the guidance of demagogues and intriguing adventurers.

The GLADSTONE government has had thrown upon it the double and difficult task of removing the causes of discontent, and suppressing the disorders to which violent resistance had given rise. It undertook the former with courage, high purpose, and broad philanthropy. It passed the Land Act, which in substance referred all rent disputes to impartial tribunals, with power and obligation to settle equitably the rights of tenants and landlords. The principle of the act was radical, and in the sight of the most powerful section of the English people it was revolutionary. Yet the sterling honesty, the profound sincerity, and the political genius of Mr. GLADSTONE have won the consent, if not the approval, of England, for the measure. But to the second part of the work Mr. GLADSTONE and his eminent associates have not shown themselves equal. It is difficult at this distance to discover the exact cause of their failure, but that they have failed in restoring order, even when clothed with the most extraordinary powers, is beyond question.

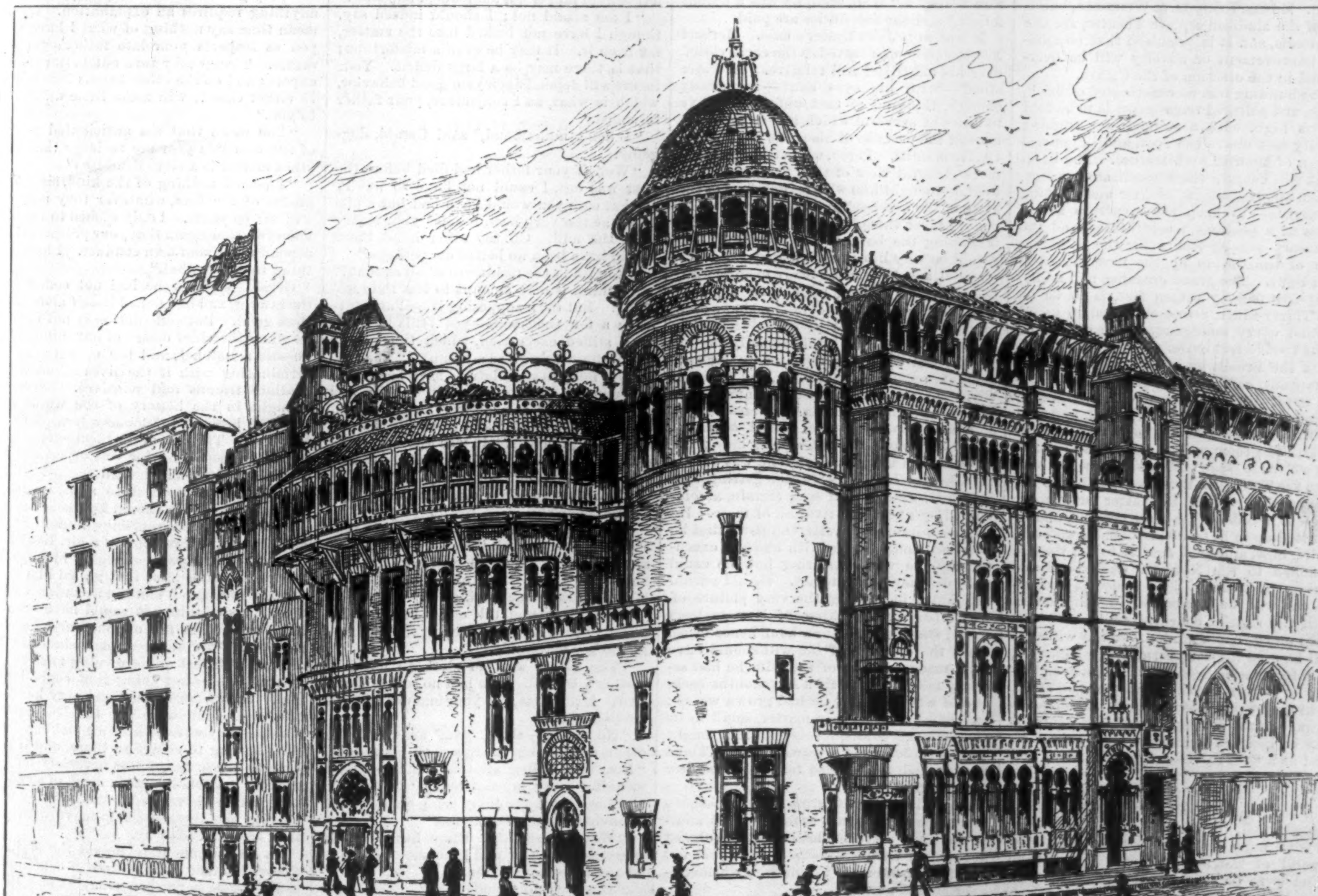
The agitation for reduced rents and greater security to the tenant has spread and changed its objective. When the government arrested PARNELL and three other members of Parliament, a manifesto was sent out from their jail exhorting the Irish to pay no rent until these leaders were released. And now through two-thirds of the cultivated parts of Ireland no rent is paid. The original purpose of the movement is forgotten. The people are mad with the notion that while low rents and fixed tenure are good, no rent and tenure at their own will are better. Probably if PARNELL and the rest were freed to-morrow, this mania would not be much abated. Nor this alone: there is a spontaneous, slightly organized, but determined movement to abolish rents. Evictions are useless, because no one can take land from which a tenant has been evicted except at peril of losing his stock, his crops, and very likely his life. Fifty thousand armed men are protecting landlords and rent-paying tenants in two-thirds of Ireland—forty thousand soldiers and ten thousand constabulary—but in vain. The "no-renters" will neither pay nor allow others to pay. Destruction of property, burning of ricks and barns, maiming and killing of sheep and cows, assault and assassination of men and even of women, are the means employed to drive out the landlords and all who acknowledge any authority in them. And meantime the Land League, unofficered, and pursued wherever it openly shows its organization, is expending some thousands every week in support of this singular revolution.

What may be the outcome no prudent person pretends to say with any confidence. The problem has grown graver and the government more apparently incapable of dealing with it with every day. For the time being the Land Act is of no use. Whether the English people at home will have the patience to bear the national humiliation of this scene of lawlessness across the Channel until the slow energies of the Liberal government can be rallied to effective action, or whether, in a moment of rage, it will place the force of the empire in the hands of the party which believes that EYRE's bloody rule in Jamaica is the key to the riddle of Ireland, time alone will tell.

THE HON. J. W. KEIFER, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.

THE NEW SPEAKER.

THE HON. JOSEPH W. KEIFER, recently elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, has been elected to Congress three times from the Fourth Ohio District, and has a military record of honorable services in the war for the Union. He was born in Bethel Township, Ohio, January 30, 1836, and his early life was passed on his father's farm, his education being begun in the common schools, and completed in Antioch College. He began the study of law in Springfield in 1856, and two years later was admitted to the bar. He was practicing in his profession when the war of secession broke out in 1861, when he abandoned his practice and volunteered in the Union army, being commissioned Major of the Third Ohio Infantry, April



THE NEW CASINO, CORNER OF THIRTY-NINTH STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.—[SEE PAGE 846.]

27, 1861. He was promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the regiment February 12, 1862, and made Colonel of the One-hundred-and-tenth Ohio Infantry on September 30, 1862. He was conspicuous for bravery in the field, and was severely wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, after having served in campaigns in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia. He was brevetted Brigadier-General November 30, 1864, for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, and in the following month was commissioned Brigadier-General by President LINCOLN. He was made Major-General by brevet July 1, 1865, three days after he had been mustered out of the volunteer service, in which he had served four years and four months, and had been wounded four times.

The political career of Mr. KEIFER began in 1868, when he was elected to the Ohio State Senate, and served two years. He is a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having been appointed Commander of the Department of Ohio for the years 1868, 1869, and 1870, and elected Vice-Commander-in-Chief of the organization, May 8, 1872.

THE NEW CASINO.

ABOUT a year ago Mr. RUDOLPH ARONSON, the projector of the Metropolitan Concert Hall, suggested to a number of wealthy gentlemen the idea of establishing in this city a thoroughly European Casino, with several novel features, where both public and private entertainments could be given throughout the year. Mr. ARONSON received such encouragement in this undertaking that he immediately set out in the formation of a company for the erection of a suitable building — to combine a restaurant, reading-room, theatre, foyers, ball-room, and an open-air garden, to be situated directly upon the roof, and covering the whole area—and through his energetic work succeeded in raising sufficient capital for the purpose.

The property situated on the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, immediately opposite the new Opera-House, has been secured, and the erection of the structure is now being rapidly pushed forward, so that it may be completed early in April. Messrs. KIMBALL & WISEDELL, builders of the Madison Square Theatre, are the architects, and it is promised that no modern improvement or novelty will be overlooked in the erection of the Casino.

The building will be constructed of brick, stone, and polished terra cotta; is to be four stories high, with a stone tower running twenty feet above the roof, and in general design of Moorish architecture. The basement will contain the kitchen, store-rooms, steam appurtenances, cooling and fanning apparatus — to keep the structure at all times at a pleasant temperature—and the necessary paraphernalia for the illumination of the Casino by the new incandescent light. The grand entrance and lobby, forty-five feet by fifteen feet, is to be on the Thirty-ninth Street side, and to guard against every emergency there are to be eight twelve-feet exits.

On the Broadway ground-floor front the restaurant, café, and reading-room—under the supervision of one of our best-known restaurateurs—are to be situated, and will be fitted up sumptuously in Louis Quatorze style. The room will be eighty feet square.

Two wide stone stairways are to lead from the Thirty-ninth Street entrance to the "foyer" and theatre, the latter sufficiently large to accommodate 1500 persons, and to be fitted up in light woods, and decorated in white, blue, and gold, similar to the theatre attached to the Newport Casino. Here, during the summer, light comedies and operettas will be performed in conjunction with the regular concerts, which will take place on the "roof garden," and in winter it will be used for lectures, meetings, concerts, private theatricals, balls, etc. An open balcony or terrace is to encircle the third story, looking directly into the theatre, and be so arranged that during the fall and winter it may be inclosed with glass casings, and be used as a "foyer," as well as for floral and art exhibitions.

The fourth story, or roof, will be laid out as a beautiful summer garden, and besides being prettily illuminated will be ornamented with many rare exotics, to be loaned by several of the stockholders. The music stand is to be so constructed, with a new form of sounding-board, that the orchestra will be distinctly heard throughout the building. A suite of rooms, forty by seventy-five feet, with separate entrance on Broadway, is to be set apart from the hall and theatre, so that private entertainments can take place without any interference from other parts of the structure. One of the features of the Casino is to be its admirable arrangements for balls, etc., there being adequate ladies' and gentlemen's hat and toilet rooms, and every other convenience for such occasions.

GRANDPA'S DARLING.

A GOLDEN head, and a pair of eyes
Blue and merry as summer's skies;
Dimpled cheeks and a dimpled chin,
Where many kisses have tumbled in!
That's grandpa's darling! And where is he?
Enthroned, as usual, on grandpa's knee,
Searching pockets in coat and vest,
With mischievous fingers never at rest.

'Tis grandpa ever finds time to play
With his "troublesome comfort" every day;
Never too tired, never too sad,
To make the little one merry and glad.
There are kisses for every bruise and tumble,
Kisses for even a scowl or a grumble,
And a host of secrets, I will confess,
Which nobody ever is able to guess.

So dear old grandpa, with silver hair,
And "grandpa's darling," without a care
To shadow the joy of his little heart,
Are rarely each from the other apart.
And e'en when the twilight comes at last,
And the drowsy blue eyes are closing fast,
From grandpa's arms and from grandpa's breast
Mamma must bear her boy to rest.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

HUSH-MONEY.

How often it happens that even the average man—one who is neither thief nor scoundrel—goes to his last home without a single genuine mourner; women, as a rule (and it is a good one), do not attend funerals, and it is the women who bewail our loss. Widow and daughter sit at home reading the prayers that are said over the dead, and hearing in imagination the earth strewn on the coffin lid. They will miss us as our own sex, who have other friends to fall back upon, other things to think about, will never do, and they know it. "A man's rare tears," a "Well, well, he was a decent fellow," and our last duties are paid.

It was so in John Lyster's case. Herbert Newton alone was moved as the earth closed over his old friend and relative. Sir Peter stood — with his eyes shut — regretfully enough, thinking of that unfortunate five minutes of survival which had so seriously marred the promise of his gains for a whole twelve months. Percy, while taking a much more cheerful view of that particular incident, bethought him with serious face of the state of the deceased's affairs. From all he could gather, though he had no doubt of her inheriting the bulk of his property, there would be very little ready money at Clare's disposal, and he wanted ready money. Mr. Oldcastle, who knew more than anybody about the matter, and yet not much, was full of cogitations on the same subject. Dr. Dickson, more than professionally moved by the sad ceremony, repeated to himself the date upon the coffin plate, and passed a silent eulogy upon his lost patient's pluck. Mr. Roden, who had been very unwillingly summoned to Stokeville, leaned over the grave and mournfully shook his head; the snow was on the ground, and he was doubtful whether his feet were not getting wet, in which case a cold was certain, accompanied by a total deprivation of taste. He had been informed by Mr. Oldcastle that he had been made trustee with him and executor, and he was wondering how he could with decency refuse to act. Gerald outdid the mutes in looking the very picture of woe. He was thinking of how matters would stand with him an hour hence or so, when the contents of the will should have been made known; of the wife he had secretly taken to himself a few months back, and of whom already he had grown weary; and of a certain other matter, small in itself, but the consequences of which might be tremendous and overwhelming. There was, indeed, good cause for his white face and haggard eyes.

And all this time Clare was in her father's room upon her knees, with thoughts unutterable, and a bruised heart that she almost accused of hardness, because it would not break and suffer her to join him whithersoever he had gone.

Clare did not attend the reading of the will, which took place immediately after the funeral, in the drawing-room of Oak Lodge; and her absence was perhaps a fortunate circumstance. There was no scene of any kind, but the expression of Gerald's listening face would probably have frightened her for the second time. That young gentleman must have been misinformed when he had stated to her that he was his father's heir. He had but one-sixth of the property outside the firm, while the remaining five-sixths and the whole of the money in the firm was left to Clare. Wrapped up in the will, which was the same which Mr. Oldcastle had drawn up for the deceased, was a letter for Herbert Newton, "to be destroyed unopened if I live to the 1st of January," and which the lawyer accordingly put in the fire. The money for Gerald was left, of course, in trust. "It is my express wish," the testator added, "that no lump sum be given to my son Gerald, while under age, by his half-sister, nor at any other time, unless under such conditions as shall insure its not being squandered."

Contingently—that is to say, if the expectations of the firm respecting their receipts for the current year should prove correct—Clare was thus left a great heiress. But what Mr. Lyster had died possessed of, independently of his share in the firm, could not at present be ascertained. There was a long memorandum of shares and securities, arranged in the most methodical manner, over which Mr. Oldcastle privately shook his head, but to which he made no reference on this occasion. Sir Peter looked as if he would have liked to have asked a question or two, but it was clearly not his business; while Gerald, who was so nearly concerned, said not a word. Indeed, judged by the ear, the young man had behaved very well under what were undoubtedly trying circumstances; but his face, especially when that reference to the "lump sum" was being made, wore a very sinister look. One might have almost fancied it a picture designed by some weird artist, under which he had scrawled, "The Parricide."

When the company had dispersed, Gerald did address a few words to Mr. Oldcastle, who listened to him with considerable commiseration. "No doubt, my lad, you are disappointed. Whether deservedly or not, your own conscience is the best judge. I am bound to confess, however, when drawing up your father's instructions, I myself made no protest. Your behavior, you must be aware, has not inspired confidence."

"So it seems," said Gerald, bitterly.

"Still, there is nothing in this," continued the lawyer, laying his hand upon the will, "to cause you disquietude for the future."

"Indeed! One-sixth of what my father has left behind him is not a fortune, I suppose?"

"I am afraid not; I should indeed say, though I have not looked into the matter, far from it. It may be even a misfortune; that is, there may be a large deficit. Your future will depend upon your good behavior, which is what, as I conjecture, your father intended."

"I don't understand," said Gerald, doggedly.

"Well, if your father had died before the year was out, I could not have so put it. In that case you would have had but a pittance at the very best, besides your salary from the mill. On the other hand, Clare would have been no better off, perhaps."

"You think the residue so small as that?"

"I think it may amount to less than nothing. But even supposing it had amounted to a few thousands—yes" (this in reply to a stifled execration, which the lawyer charitably set down as a groan). "The fact is, your father's speculations have been most unfortunate. He took his own way; he was never a man to ask advice," he continued, almost in soliloquy, "and generally, I must say, most judicious. It was the desperate effort to recoup himself, no doubt. Otherwise I can't account for it."

"You were speaking of the residue," said Gerald, hoarsely.

"To be sure. I was about to observe that the interest of five-sixths of it would not, in any case, have exceeded your own income. So far, in short, Clare and yourself were placed on the same footing."

"What!" hissed the other between his teeth; "with all the money in the business left to her absolutely?"

"The money was her mother's, not *your* mother's, Gerald. You had no sort of claim to it. Excuse me, but your manner compels me to be frank."

"No doubt — thank you," answered the other, moistening his lips with his tongue. "Notwithstanding all this frankness, your meaning as to my not being 'disquieted,' and the advantage of my being on my 'good behavior,' is not clear to me."

"Well, I mean that Clare has it in her power to help you, and I am sure will do so to any reasonable extent."

"But the will forbids that."

"Only as to a lump sum. There I think your father was quite right. What can a boy like you want with a lump sum? I shall advise your sister to allow you a certain income."

"How much?"

"Well, really, Gerald, that is a matter for consideration. At present your expenses can hardly be very great. You will continue to live here, of course. What can you want of money?"

"I do want it," was the curt reply.

"Well, well, we will see about all that. Clare is not one to close her purse strings against any one."

"And when Clare is married, am I to be dependent upon that infernal Percy?"

"Hush! hush! Pray restrain yourself. No; I think that would be very improper. I shall do my best to persuade Clare to keep her money in her own hands."

"She is in love with him, and a fool besides. She will give it him all."

"No, sir. Your sister is not a fool. Moreover, she has a sense of filial duty," answered the lawyer, sternly. "She will, I know, be guided by her father's wishes in this matter, which he expressed to me very precisely."

"Why didn't he tie the money up?" asked Gerald, passionately. "He knew how to do it, it seems."

"You are an ungrateful son, sir, and your passion blinds you," answered the lawyer, coldly. "It ought to be sufficient for you to know that your father had his reasons. One of them, moreover, was, I am well convinced, that Clare should be at liberty to act toward you with liberality."

"What does all that come to?" returned the other, contemptuously. "Put it in figures."

"That is impossible just now. The amount will depend upon your needs, but still more upon your deserts. That is the point which, as your father's friend, and one who will be yours if you will let him, I wish to impress upon you."

"You mean that I am to be in leading-strings all my life?"

"At all events, before you are out of them, you must convince us—that is, your trustees and your sister—that you are competent to take care of yourself."

Mr. Oldcastle turned away as though he had nothing more to say, and sat down at the dead man's desk. He opened it with a key he produced from his own pocket.

"I wish to say," said Gerald, in a subdued and humble tone, "that if I can be of any use to you in arranging those papers, I shall be glad to help you. My father employed me of late in all his smaller business affairs—the petty cash, and the checks drawn on his private account, and so on."

"Very good. I will apply to you in case anything requires an explanation. In the mean time say nothing of what I have told you as respects your late father's private estate. Things may turn out better than I expect; and on the other hand, much worse. In either case it will make little difference to you."

"You mean that the anticipated profits of the firm this year are so large that this other matter is a mere flea-bite?"

"I meant nothing of the kind, sir. The profits of the firm, whatever they may be, will not be yours. I only wished to impress upon you once again that your prospects will depend upon your own conduct. I have nothing to add to that."

Gerald felt that he had not conciliated the lawyer, and had done himself more harm than good. But conciliation is not easy to us when the chief desire of our minds is to possess a hatchet, and the opportunity of terminating with it the lives of one's immediate friends and relatives. Never, he thought, in the history of the world, had any one been so infamously treated as he had been. The idea of his future depending upon his good behavior was especially abhorrent to him, and indeed seemed almost cynical, like a bequest to a man with a wooden leg, which should be made contingent upon his distinguishing himself in pedestrianism. That a chit of a girl like Clare should hold the purse strings of his supplies was the circumstance that galled him most of all. How much more in accordance with the fitness of things it would have been to have made him the almoner, and her the recipient! And this terrible disinheritance, although his last and crowning misfortune, was not the worst thing that could befall him. He was environed on every hand by troubles, which were not the less hateful because they were of his own making. Besides having to cringe to Clare, and if possible to cajole her, it was necessary for him in other matters to wear a mask of serenity, and though his very soul was bursting with chagrin and impatience, to move with caution, and pick his way.

As he was about to mount the stairs to Clare's boudoir (for the task of conciliation could not be begun too soon), he saw Percy coming out of it. He marked him close the door, and stand for a moment outside with frowning face. The interview, he rightly conjectured (like his own with Mr. Oldcastle), had been an unsatisfactory one, and it had cost him something to play his part in it. He was waiting, no doubt, for the thunder-cloud to clear from his brow, and the smile to come back, with which it was his

custom to meet his fellow-creatures when it was worth his while to do so. Was it possible that, after all that had come and gone, Clare had refused him? To Gerald such an event would have been indeed welcome; it was most desirable that she should have her mind free from thoughts of love, and fixed on duty—the duty of providing for her nearest relative. But that seemed too great a piece of luck to be true. It was clear, however, that there was a rift in the lute of love; its harmony had received some check, and apparently a rude one.

Percy descended step by step with downcast eyes, and so wrapped in thought that he did not see the other till he was close upon him.

"What the deuce are you grinning at?" he then exclaimed, imperiously.

"Grinning? I was only looking at you. A cat may look at a king, and grin too, for that matter."

"I am glad you are in such good spirits," replied Percy, with a sneer. "I should have hardly expected it."

The hostile character of these remarks was immensely heightened by their being uttered on both sides in a subdued tone, necessitated by the circumstances of the case. Each of the antagonists was careful not to make a disturbance in the house of mourning. Percy's last innuendo, referring, as Gerald well understood, to the contents of his father's will, was, however, almost insupportable to him. It was with difficulty he restrained himself from an outburst; as it was, he glared at the other in silent fury.

"After all," continued Percy, who, having found an object, was evidently giving reins to the passion which he had hitherto been obliged to suppress, "it is not as if you wanted money. A lad like you, without incumbrance—a gay young bachelor at most—can afford to smile at being disinherited."

"That's true," said Gerald, slowly. "If I had really expensive tastes, such as keeping race-horses, for example, the thing would be more serious."

"Race-horses! Who keeps race-horses?" answered Percy. His tone was indifferent and even contemptuous, but to one who observed him nearly (and for once Gerald's eyes gazed point-blank upon his interlocutor), it could be seen that he turned a little pale, and that his mustache was twitching uneasily.

"Oh, I don't know; let us say, for example, Jennings."

"To be sure," said Percy, with a faint smile, and in a voice that was also faint.

"Well, he would sometimes want money, I should think. And as to disinheritance, why, that is a thing that might happen to anybody."

"Quite true, Gerald. I was wrong, however, to make light of it in your case. The fact is, I have been put out, and scarcely knew what I said. Forgive me."

This was a point so very opportune for the utterance of his favorite interjection that Gerald could not resist it. Indeed, so far from rejecting it, he gave it full stress and significance, so that it sounded like the malignant snarl of a dog.

"Yah."

"Come, don't be sulky," said the other, quietly. "I mean you no harm, but quite the contrary. You are not, perhaps, in such a hole as you think, and if you are, I may be able to help you out of it. If there's anything pressing—"

"I want twenty pounds," interrupted Gerald.

"Twenty pounds," repeated Percy. His face had become very quiet and thoughtful; he appeared to be reflecting as to whether he had the money about him, for he felt in his breast pocket for his note-book. But the real question he was putting to himself was a far more important one. "If I suffer this horse-leech to draw blood for once, will he cling to me forever?"

"Yes," he said, drawing four bank-notes from a largish roll of them, "I will lend you twenty pounds with pleasure, and I dare say we shall not quarrel about the repayment."

"I dare say not," sneered Gerald; "and as to helping me in a general way—I mean as to the allowance that is to be made to me by Clare, and so forth—I dare say I may look to you for that also?"

"My influence will certainly be exerted in your behalf."

"That sounds very pretty, but I am not going to be put off with a pittance. If that is all Clare does for me, it must be made up to me by somebody else, do you understand?"

"Make your mind quite easy upon that subject, Gerald."

He nodded assuringly as he let himself out at the front door, and walked down the gravel sweep, twitching his cane. Gerald gazed after him with grim admiration.

"What a fellow he is to carry a thing off! He is the best and greatest liar alive, I do believe. One would think that that twenty pounds was all he would have to pay to yours truly. But he knows as well as I do that it's only the beginning of our little running account. Sam Chigwell, you scoundrel, I owe you a good turn for this; not that you meant it, however, for you would never have let the cat out of the bag if you hadn't been drunk. And I didn't know about it myself for certain till I saw the fellow's face twitch. That's a hint old Dickson gave me, which I have not forgotten. 'A man's mouth will often tell the truth when his tongue lies.' That 'let us say, for example, Jennings,' was a bold stroke of mine. But what a fool I was to say twenty instead of fifty! To think that some fellows should go about with rolls of notes, when a man like me is in want of a sovereign! It's disgusting. However, I shall not want for sovereigns now—thanks to Jennings."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOREMOST GYMNASIUM IN THE WORLD.

By WILLIAM BLAIKIE,

Author of "How to Get Strong and How to Stay so."

III.

If every college and university in America had a department even something like the gymnasium described in preceding papers, what a boon it would be! And yet, grand work as is being done at Harvard, is there doing all that could—indeed, should—be done at a university for the physical education of her sons, the only decent physical education so many of them are ever likely to get in all their lives? Not to make them athletes. That, as a rule, does not pay, both taking one's mind from more important work, and often dulling that mind for the time for anything worth calling work, while it generally overdevelops the parts of the body used, and neglects the others. But to bring each out a hale, sound, efficient man, most likely to successfully meet any drafts his after-life may make upon him. Does Sargent do this for all this host of students? No. Not for one-half of them. And why not? Because, out of upward of thirteen hundred students in the university, more than one-half do not exercise frequently enough to begin to get the good they might and should get of the great advantages here ready at their hand, to be had simply for the taking. The gymnasium is easily accessible to about one thousand of the students, the others being in Boston at the medical or dental schools or at the Bussey Institute. But even of this thousand near by, the record shows the attendance to run about thus: about 50 attend six times a week; 100, five times; 200, four times; 150, three times; 100, twice; 100, once.

Here, then, only five hundred of them, and very likely the five hundred who need it least, attend as often as three days a week or oftener—and this when the attendance is largest, namely, in the winter months; for in the fall and spring the athletic men are in the field, and the boating men on the river—while the average daily attendance all the college year round will not exceed two hundred and seventy.

But to get the good of exercise, and to make real progress from it, you want to take it as you do your breakfast, not only regularly, but daily, certainly at least as often as four days a week, especially if the allowance is only moderate. And why, then, is it not so taken, and by all this favored thousand? Can not Sargent give time to each, enough for his special needs? No difficulty on that score. Working them in classes, cutting the day up judiciously, and aided by trained assistants, he can easily manage that. Then why does he not do it? Simply because, very willing as he is, higher powers than he, greatly as they have aided him and helped on the good work in many ways, seem not to have awakened to the fact that, wise as their favorite elective system may be in the pursuit of knowledge and in training the mental faculties, it will not do with a man's physical education. The scores and hundreds of slim arms and flat, half-built bodies so common among students of any of our colleges, although they have fair gymnasia right at their hands, might have shown them this. Which will pay the average student better in confining in-door after-life, to devote his spare half-hour or hour now after he is through with his other studies to attending lectures on "German Philosophy of the present day—Schopenhauers Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, and Hartmann's Philosophie des Unbewussten," or on "Quaternions," or on "Romanesque and Gothic Art from the year 1000 to 1350," or, on the other hand, to building up and insuring to himself capacious lungs, sound digestion, and a vigorous set of vital organs generally, with knowledge of what he will need to do through life to keep them so, and the habit formed of doing it? Many students of a generation ago entered college already built up and toughened by years of manual labor; but the sons of men in professional and mercantile life are not so favored, and the average Freshman of to-day, at any of our Eastern colleges, does not bid fair to become a man in later years of nearly the vigor and vitality which would serve him so well if he had them. What better proof could they wish as to whether a body built up to vigor and power, and by systematic exercise kept there, pays indoor men or not, than the words of Harvard's own president in one of his later annual reports? He says:

"*To attain success and length of service* in any of the learned professions, including that of teaching, *a vigorous body is well-nigh essential;* a busy lawyer, editor, minister, physician, or teacher has need of *greater physical endurance* than a farmer, trader, manufacturer, or mechanic. All professional biography teaches that to win lasting distinction in sedentary, in-door occupations, which task the brain and the nervous system, *extraordinary toughness of body must accompany* extraordinary mental powers."

If the authorities have now fairly tried the elective system in the matter of the student's physical education, and it fails to reach one-half of the students, and the half probably who most need it, would it not be well to try it for a year as a *required* branch? If "a vigorous body" and "greater physical endurance" and "extraordinary toughness of body" are so "essential" to the successful student, as President Eliot himself says, then why not see to it that every graduate of this great university makes at least commendable progress during his four years in obtaining these so desirable things? The tools and the teacher are ready at the door, as fine as money can buy. If this same Sargent could at Bowdoin in six months increase the girth of the chests of two hundred students an average of one and three-quarter inches, their girth of hip an average of two and a quarter inches, and their other measurements to correspond, and yet take *only half an hour a day, four days a week,* to do it, what is to hinder every student in Harvard University from being like favored? Any one who has ever tried systematic physical exercise knows the intimate connection between a vigorous and well-developed set of muscles, kept in good condition by a little daily work, and sound, properly working vital organs within. And if the one so aids the other, yet is so readily attainable, and of such incalculable value all down a man's life, why not extend it to all, instead of, as now, to but a part?

And if they would make this grand gymnasium not merely a rich man's finishing hall, but would extend its benefits very widely, why could not Sargent, for a few weeks in summer, while the students are away, instruct classes of teachers here, from far and near, at a trifling charge? They in turn could bring much good to thousands and tens of thousands of the boys and girls who number millions in our land. Could the time be better spent, or young Mr. Hemenway's munificent gift be turned to a better use? And would not its present usefulness be increased thus a thousandfold?

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Maine's spruce-gum trade amounts to forty thousand dollars a year. Flippant gossipers have had it that nearly all of this product is consumed in the young ladies' boarding-schools; but now comes forth the conscientious statistician, and brings figures to prove that the largest consignments are shipped to Lawrence, Lowell, Biddeford, and the towns where there are many factory girls.

The financial writers of the London press have recently come to a conclusion which has been steadfastly maintained for several years by the tramps of our own fair land, namely, that there is too little gold to go around.

A four-legged fish has been caught in Kansas. It is supposed to be a product of the past season's extraordinary drought.

A writer of repute is authority for the statement that the small number of prominent Englishmen who have chosen American wives are "steadily Americanizing European institutions."

A man drove into Boston from one of the outlying rural districts, halted in front of a store, and entered to attend to some business. Seeing his horses starting on, he ran toward them—through the open door, as he thought—but when he reached the sidewalk, he found that he had gone through a nine by five feet plate-glass window.

Newspapers and narrow-gauge railroads are rapidly increasing in Texas, and patriotic Texans regard the increase of each as a good omen.

It is told of a Texas couple who stood up to be married that when the clergyman saw the handle of a pistol protruding from the bridegroom's pocket, and suggested that it be for the moment laid aside, the bride demurely drew a bowie-knife from the folds of her robe, and tossed it beside the other weapon.

Fragment of the report of a San Francisco law case:

In the Hopkins case, Judge Finn said that he would appoint Moses Hopkins administrator, and, estimating the unsettled residue of the estate at \$6,500,000, would require a bond of \$13,000,000.

General Barnes. "That will need \$26,000,000 in securities behind it."

The Judge. "Yes."

General Barnes. "All right; I'll bring it up in the morning. I haven't got the change with me, or I'd fix it up now."

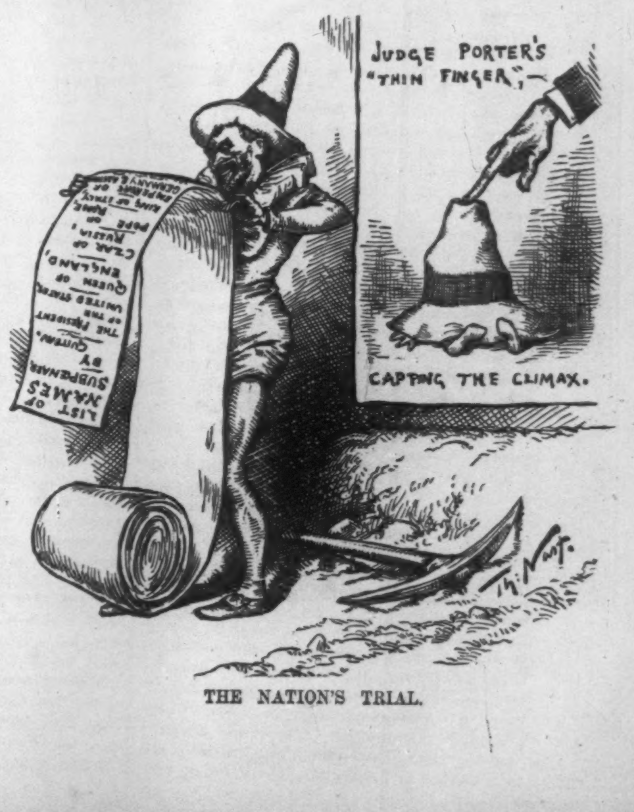
The King of Siam has recently bought in London twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of furniture, and it is rumored that he is going to housekeeping in a flat.

There is much in a name. A man in Porta Costa, California, who had long been known in that region as "Hard Times Landing," was recently found burned to death in his cabin.

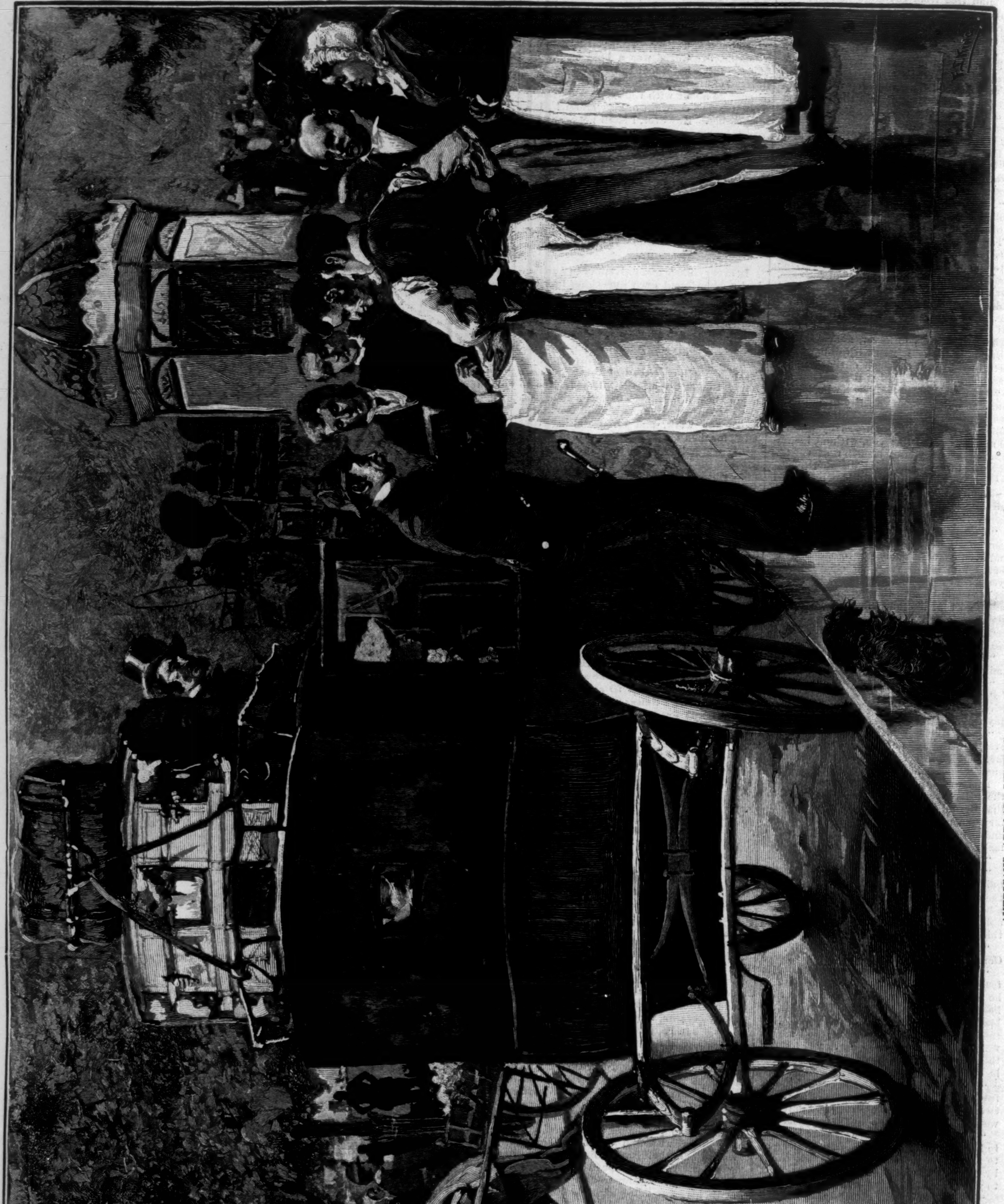
Citizen Charley Sing, late of the Orient, has opened in San Francisco a restaurant à la Melican man, in which cutlery and other hardware take the place of chopsticks, and steaks, chops, roasts, stews, and similar dishes are served. His theory, as set forth by himself, is, "Chinaman all same Melican man—get tired, want change"; and his success is verifying his theory. He makes a specialty of oysters. "Chinaman he like oyster stew or fly," says Charley Sing.

The United States consul at Demerara, South America, suggests to the Department of State that all vessels sailing hence for that port be manned, if possible, by colored crews, in view of the yellow-fever epidemic now raging there. This suggestion is not so cruel to negro seamen as it might seem, since colored men are wholly exempt from the disease.

The London *Times* is pleased to note that there is little disposition on the part of the dwellers in that city to live "the semi-gregarious life of flats"—a style of dwelling-place that is rapidly increasing in number in New York. The facilities for rapid transit in London make it possible for the classes who would live in flat houses to occupy homes by themselves in the suburbs. "Perhaps," says the *Times*, "the most agreeable feature in the expansion of London is the increased facility it gives for the indulgence of the healthy instincts which prefer a cottage and a patch of green to far more commodious lodgings in gigantic barracks nearer the centre of the town." One of the differences between rapid transit in London and rapid transit in New York is that in the former city it carries passengers into the suburbs, where cottages and lawns are possible, while in New York it carries persons from the business parts of the town through the heart of the great upper district, which promises to be almost wholly occupied by flat, apartment, and tenement houses. When trains begin running at one-minute intervals across the Harlem, over the big East River Bridge, and through the North River Tunnel, rapid transit will be to New York in a measure what it is to London.



THE NATION'S TRIAL.



AMERICANS ABROAD—LEAVING THE HOTEL.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 851.]

RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING IN PENNSYLVANIA—A CHANCE FOR A DOUBLE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—(*Continued.*)

ACCURATE AIM.

THE writer had taken good care that none should identify his writing. It was hopeless for a poor felon to denounce or even break with him. The tempter had not allowed him funds to attempt to escape across the sea, and Wenlow even began to suspect that Howell was bribed against him. His only chance lay in obedience to the deeper and wealthier scoundrel. His own life was set against that of another, and he must not indulge in scruples. It would be a very easy business to dispose of Captain Larks. Through many a flying visit, and many a lair among the bushes, he knew the ins and outs, and rounds among beloved plants and trees, of that too sanguine gardener. And his favorite double-barrelled gun would carry a ball as true as any rifle, and was certain for a rabbit at a hundred yards. At six o'clock on this evening of the week the Captain was sure to be in his little vineyard sitting on a pot, with his deep-bowled meerschaum, and presenting the very finest target for a shot. What right had any man to be so happy, and go on as if the world was made for him?

With a frown to confirm his resolution, he gulped the contents of his tankard; and then it occurred to him that nothing could be easier than to secure proofs of *alibi*, in case of the worst coming to the worst, and a charge being made against him. He knew that Gruff Howell was not at home; but his wife was there, and would do much better. Accordingly, when everything was ready, and a bullet dropped into either barrel of his gun, he unlocked his door, and went down stairs in his shirt sleeves, yawning heavily. Mrs. Howell was sitting in the bar, half asleep, with her spectacles by her, and the big Bible open at her favorite story of Joseph and his brethren, which she read daily, because it reminded her hopefully of her absent son.

"Fill this again for me, mother," said the guest, setting down his empty tankard. "What o'clock is it? Why, a quarter past four! Are you sure your clock is right?"

"Yes, sir. Or, if anything, he be a little slow. We timed 'un by the baker's watch only yesterday; and he brought the time from Bovey Tower."

"Very well. Then I shall go to sleep again. This hot weather takes all the life out of me. I am not to be disturbed, mind. I want sleep. Only when the rabbits come, I may fire a shot at them. Don't be alarmed if you hear my gun about six o'clock or so. No supper till I call for it."

Receiving his tankard, with another stretch and yawn, he went back to his room, and locked the door. Then he laid his other gun, which had once been Mr. Short's, upon the broad oak window-sill, with the sash thrown up and the muzzle outside, pointing toward the cliff, where the rabbits came to play in the late afternoon when the inn was quiet. He had shot two or three of them before this from the window, and now he fitted that into his deadly scheme. He corded the gun against recoil, and set a slow fuse of hemp to the touch-hole, which would smoulder for an hour, or perhaps more; and then he descended from the window by a method which he had devised against attack. There was nobody to see him; all the brown moor void with loneliness and lassitude; not a shadow, except his own, moved faster than the sun directed it. But he, at a pace it would make a languid man perspire to look at, scoured the hollows of the sunburnt hills to the far outskirt of Christowell.

Why make we light of our parents' wisdom, why imagine so vain a thing as that they had no eyes to see, ears to hear, or tongues to taste? Denying them every other merit, we must admit that they knew what was good to eat far better than we do. Would they have given as much for American flour as for English? Would they have made their bread with German paste instead of brewer's yeast? Would they have bought fish three weeks iced, and wine made where no grape gets ripe? And of the grape and other fruit, would they have grown it for show or for savor? Already in 1840 the rage for the pride of the eyes and the pang of the belly was making way among superior circles, and the ladies began to say to one another, "If you can save my pine-apple from being cut, dear, I will lend it to you for your dinner on Wednesday."

But Captain Larks was happy still, in tending the good gifts of the earth for grateful and for grateful use. He sat upon his pot and smoked his pipe, and working gently all the while, enjoyed the view of his own things first, and, over or between them, of the things beyond. For the wisdom of the quiet life was his—first to consider one's own affairs, without any wrath of anxiety, and then through their leisure or over their ease to enjoy a large view of the neighbors'. Thus was he behaving in his vineyard as soon as the heat of the sun declined, and the shade of the high parts cooled the others, and the birds by the brook began to sing again, and the trees freshened up from the drooping of the day.

Sloping down the hill-side now, the light was tempered variously with narrow flush, broad hovering patch, and faint fringe of suffusive haze. But in bold relief sat the gallant Captain, moving both arms briskly, with his broad chest prominent between his braces, and a smile of pride upon his tranquil face. For here were his grapes swelling off from stoning, clustering richly below their leaves, sheltered from brunt of the day, and expecting the bloom of dew to crisp their stalks. Some were clouding with soft blue tissue of the promised purple, some were pearly with pellucid vein of white, others traced with clearing signs of tints that would be amber, and the rest not yet emerging from the pubescence of dull green. The gardener felt his heart expanding with good-will toward God and man.

"Impossible to miss him now. I can perceive the buttons of his shirt, and the beating of his heart. With this rest for my gun, I can hit him to a square inch anywhere. He shall not even know that he has been shot. I will give him a minute just to finish up his pipe, and then off he goes to a far superior world."

With these thoughts, Wenlow, having dead point-blank at the self-congratulating Captain Larks, suspended his pull upon the trigger; not from mercy, but from the fellow-feeling which a man has, a smoking man, for a fellow-smoker's pipe—a feeling, whose depth is in nature's bowels, deep as the founts of calm volcanoes.

Presently the Captain put his pipe down, being come duly to the end of it; and the man in the valley laid his eyes between the gun-cocks for true aim at him. True enough it was, and too sure would have been the vine-dresser's fate as regards this world, when a shadow fell across in front of him, and before him stood his daughter Rose. Wenlow drew back his forefinger from the trigger; he could not shoot the father in the presence of the child. "I will wait, and see how they go on," he thought; "to save my own life, I could not take his thus." He withdrew his gun softly, and in the deep shade listened.

"Father, my mind is made up," said Rose, as she threw her arms round the Captain's neck and kissed him. "I have been considering what you said, and I mean to stick to you—to you. You say that I may come to rank and riches, and live in a very different way from this, if I give up all thoughts of—of every one but you. But you must know well that I never think of that. I would rather be as I am, without those things, if I only have you, and you love me as you used. I will try to think no more of—of poor John Westcombe, or of any other person in the world but you. Only, it would break my heart to go away, and be rich and gay and high without him. He would think that I had deceived him, sold him, cast him off for bright things and great people. I would rather be dead than be thought of so by him. I will give him up, as you require it so. But not disgracefully—father, not disgracefully. I beg of you to promise me one very little thing."

"My darling, there is nothing that I would not promise rather than see you cry like this. You know that you are all the world to me."

"I used to think so, but how can I think so now? The only thing I ask you to promise me is this: that if I give him up, I shall still stop here—here, where I have nothing only things to love me, and where I can not seem to have thrown him by for grandeur. How I wish I was a little girl again, coming home for the holidays, with nothing but a Sunday hat!"

"What would Mrs. Pugsley say to such a wardrobe? My dear child, there is no earthly reason why you should work yourself up to such a fervor. I have asked no pledge of you, and want none. I love you very dearly, dear; and all the better, perhaps, for being just a little bit excitable. I hate cold-blooded people, though I am considered one of them by those who do not know me. But surely you may have enough of confidence in me, Rose, to let me take my own time in a matter of this kind. I have never asked you to cast off young Westcombe. I was certainly very much put out with you for the things that took place by the leather-coat pippin, wrongly called the crab-tree. But I have forgiven you all that because—because you are my darling Rose. And the utmost that I ask of you is to wait. One way or another, I shall soon know what to do. I may have to go away, and leave you, my dear. But I dare not leave you here at present. I could have left you happily at Exeter, either with your good school-mistress or with Mr. Tucker. But she is away for her holidays, and he has no ladies in his house at present. If I have to go suddenly, I must even trust you to the charge of Mrs. Pugsley, at Moreton, as soon as we are quit of the poor General."

"I am sure she would be very kind to me indeed. I can do very well there, if you must go. But, oh, father, don't go if you can help it. I shall be so miserable without you. And who will look after all our things here? What would become of all these grapes, for instance? I am sure there is a fox prowling after them already."

"Well, we must hope that he would find them sour. Now come home, my darling. I have no heart to work any more, after seeing you in such a sad state."

As soon as they were gone, black Wenlow rose and filled his pipe, with a happier heart than he had enjoyed for months and years. He was conscious, according to his special form of conscience, of having done a very noble act indeed. But when he got back to "The Raven," and found (upon clambering in at his open window, and going down to order supper) that his gun had gone off about half past five, he was touched by the waste of his ingenuity. For no clearer *alibi* could have been proved than the one Mrs. Howell and two visitors in the tap-room were ready to depose to from the proof of their own ears.

He deserved to have his slippers, like a gentleman at his inn who pays his way, when he can do it; and he felt that after having been so good that day, he might trust in Providence against police. One of his chief merits was that (in spite of some luxury during boyhood) he had taken to the bogs and windy life as if he had been born without a cradle. That was a side-shoot, so far as one may guess, perhaps of his sporting tendencies. If so, how much more was it to his credit not to shoot a man when he had him on his bullet! Into all this he entered with the exhaustive comprehension of a fine mind dwelling on its owner's compensations. Then he made a fine supper, to support introspection, and slept, upon a four-footed bed, the sleep of the just, with two guns loaded.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SOME CONFUSION.

REASONABLY now was Mr. Gaston discontented with the state of things. There was not much to stand between him and the dark flight of disgrace and ruin—"transportation beyond the seas." There might be even more than that. Forgery (lately a capital offense) was still considered next to murder; and he might get a term of hard labor first before patriotic farewell. He had freely exerted his power to write the old Earl's hand to a nicety, as well as robbed him in fifty other ways; and now the account of his stewardship lay under difficulties far more appalling than those of the unjust steward in the parable.

So long as the old Earl lived, George Gaston felt himself safe against that account. Indolence, bad health, and general cynicism had led the aged man to defer strict inquiry, though his faith in the agent had never been profound, and of late years had grown less and less. But he said to himself that he should go from bad to worse if he introduced new hands to rob him; and Gaston contrived, by many insolent devices, to keep out any who might interfere, especially the good firm of Latimer & Emblin. But now the old nobleman had nothing more to do with this world, except in the posthumous form of last will and testament, and black-edged paper. George Gaston had left him to wrestle with his death, and there was no one nearer or dearer to him than Mrs. Tubbs to close his slowly vanquished eyes.

When the great physician, Sir John Tickell, came down softly, and announced that all was over, Mr. Gaston strode forth with a stick of black sealing-wax nearly as large as a rolling-pin, a coil of red tape, and his own signet-ring, and he said to all the servants: "I must do my duty; let Tubbs come round the house with me. I require a witness for this act." But nobody could tell him where the housekeeper was; so he took the trembling butler for his witness. "As sole executor, I am responsible for the safe custody of everything," he pronounced, with an air of sad importance; "all his lordship's jewels, plate, documents, etc., must be put under seal at once."

Although he had stolen a good many of them, there were still enough left in chest, bureau, strong-box, writing-desk, and the like to occupy him one good hour in the careful discharge of this solemn duty. The butler carried a roll of red tape and a sharp pair of scissors; and whenever the seal would not go on the slit, the tape was stretched across and sealed. "That makes five-and-thirty done, and the two room doors, containing all the lighter things." Mr. Gaston wiped his red face as he was speaking. "Sorrow and duty are alike dry things. Jenkins, go down for a bottle of old port, and be sure to bring the winding cork-screw. Here, take the key. Only one bottle, mind you."

"As if I was a thief!" the old man muttered, for Gaston had the gift of offending everybody.

"Down with it on the big table in the dining-room, you poor old numskull. Will you never understand that I am master now?" But timid as he was, and shaking knuckles out of elbows, Jenkins had too fine a sense of order to obey such orders. With the skill of ancient vintagers he drew the cork, and set the bottle down upon a marble slab, with two glasses by it, that he might have one.

"Be off, old chap!" said Gaston. "When I want you, I will ring. Don't let any undertakers come near me. Tell them to send estimates to-morrow morning. Nothing else keeps such robbers down. I am in a position of responsibility, and I must have time to turn my thoughts. No, Mr. Latimer! Not now, not now. To-morrow morning, if you please."

For here was Mr. Latimer (of the reputable firm of Latimer & Emblin) advancing in the full power of grief at the loss of a client of importance. His ancestor's shoe-buckles flashed upon his insteps, for he had not stopped to put gaiters on; above them his black silk stockings shone; the frills of his shirt were as stiff as a sting-ray, and his face as dry as a law digest. Behind him strode his tall partner, Emblin, swinging a cane of rather sporting aspect; and behind Mr. Emblin came a gentleman unknown to Gaston, but quite ready to introduce himself.

"Gentlemen, this pleasure takes me by surprise." Mr. Gaston spoke loudly, for they seemed to be coming on so. "Decency might have induced you to wait, and self-interest too; for this is not at all the manner to secure my custom for your firm. I understand my duties without your aid. And you should at least have waited till I sent for you. But as you have chosen thus to act without me, I shall be bold enough to act without you. When I need your services I will send. Jenkins, show these people out."

"Sir, we have no wish to intrude upon you," Mr. Latimer replied, as he took a chair, and waved his hand to the butler to close the door; "and indeed we need not do so, if you will withdraw. But under the late Earl's will, it is our duty to see to the safety of all his effects before the preparation of the inventory. We shall therefore proceed to seal up all keys, papers, jewels, plate, and such like, and place a trusty person in possession, until we can communicate with his lordship's son. If he declines to come forward, and desires that you should continue in the agency, we shall take his instructions to that effect in writing, and gladly place everything under your charge."

"What an old fool you are," said Gaston, opening his square jaws with a haughty grin, "to throw up a lucrative connection thus! If you had played your cards with any skill, I might have continued you in the business, slow and stupid as you are. What's the good of coming here with that old will, made at the death of the boy, months ago? Under this later will I am sole executor, and all is left to my discretion. There, now, what do you think of that, my friends? Fie! fie! what are lawyers come to?"

"Sir, we are come to do our duty, according to the best of our belief. If you hold a will of the purport you describe, duly executed, and of later date than the 5th of the present month, we have no more to say, except that we shall scrutinize it closely, because it is at variance with our instructions. Otherwise, this is the last, and therefore the only valid, will of our lamented client. You will see the date—the fifth day of September, Anno Domini 1840. It is brief, and certainly somewhat curt and bald, deficient, perhaps, in that fullness of language which a legal education alone can impart. Nevertheless most creditable to a layman"—Mr. Latimer bowed to Mr. Snacks—"and as valid a will as I have ever yet had the honor of perusing."

"Let me see it." George Gaston's high color had ebbed to the tint of the paper of the will.

"Don't let him touch it," cried Snacks, prematurely.

"Under correction," Mr. Latimer said, gently, with a bow of repression to the lay-minded Snacks. "My duty is not to permit the original to quit my possession, however briefly. But we have prepared two copies,

one of which my valued partner, Mr. Emblin, will have great pleasure in handing to you. Perhaps you will peruse it, and inform us whether you have anything of later date."

Mr. Emblin lifted his long form, and grimly smiling, held forth a sheet of draft paper headed, "Copy of the will of the Right Honorable Earl Delapole, etc., etc., bearing date September 5, 1840." Gaston glanced at it, took its meaning in a moment (because it was not a lawyer's work), and quelling his rage by a desperate effort, made the last cast of audacity.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "perhaps the best thing will be to call in some one else—some one quite neutral, and not a mere lawyer. The poor old Earl's mind was so vacillating lately, and designing people plied him so—that Tubbs, for instance, who goes in, I see, for £1000 in this document—that it seems to me only too probable that none of these wills will hold water. I believe that mine—I will not be quite certain, for I knew not that the date would be so important—is two days subsequent to this of yours. His lordship rallied, and his mind improved. He again perceived who was his real main-stay, and he remembered the baseness and cruelty of his son. It matters but little to me, you are aware; for my position, in any case, is a mere trusteeship. His lordship has not made me the heir even of the little he could dispose of. The bulk of the property is in settlement. Only I feel perhaps a little goaded at the idea of being kicked out (after so many years of confidence) through the intrigues of a woman like this Tubbs. It was probably Tubbs who got this will made. She has long lived apart from her husband, if she has one, and his lordship was given to gallantry."

Here was a new light shed upon the subject. Mr. Gaston saw that he had made a hit, and folded his arms for his words to soak in, while he was trying to remember whether there would be any chance of shifting snugly the date of the will under which he was the master.

Lawyers generally perpend—to use a word of their own—toward that solution of a problem which involves the lower view of human nature. Moreover, there always is among them an inclination for old channels, a desire to treat still through or with the "party" through or with whom they have treated hitherto, and a hovering doubt about loss of good connection by siding with the powers not established yet. Mr. Latimer looked at Mr. Emblin, and that loyal partner returned his gaze. But suddenly Mr. Snacks cut in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it can not be pretended that I have any interest in this case. Mr. Gaston has proposed to call a third party in to settle something about dates. Well, here am I, a third party fair enough, able to put down twenty thousand pounds, and without twenty pence in question here. Also, although but a layman, able to make out the date upon any document in the English writing of the present day. If this good gentleman doubts about his dates (which are apt to go out of the best head, in trouble), let him put the other will in my hands, and I will very soon tell you which is the correct card. He spoke of it as being in his pocket now, or at any rate he tapped his coat over it; and if he will hand it to me—why there, we need have no more trouble."

"Sir, it is a sensible and frank proposal," Mr. Latimer replied, with some relief; "and if Mr. Gaston meets it frankly, we will abide by the issue for the present—at least as regards the present custody of effects."

But Mr. Gaston would not meet the challenge; for the very good reason that he could not. It would take him some hours, at least, to shift the date, and bribe the two attestants.

"All this sounds very well, but it is not business," he said, with all his ancient arrogance. "It is more like child's play than sound legal sense. I stand here alone, without any legal aid; and I will ask Mr. Latimer and Mr. Emblin, as experienced men of law, whether a trustee, placed as I am, in great responsibility, would be doing his duty by assenting to such a hugger-mugger style of business. Gentlemen, you know that I am no lawyer. I am acting entirely in the interest of others, and I might have a bitter account to render if I took another step without legal advice. There is no advice that I should prefer, if the question were my own, to that of the learned firm here present. But they are precluded by their position from giving me their valuable counsel now. I hope to have recourse to them hereafter, and probably large dealings with them, as his lordship's habitual advisers. For the moment, however, I must ascertain from other sources how I stand. I have realized by years of honest labor a sufficient competence to make this matter one of supreme indifference to me. But, acting for others, I must do my best, and I shall not flinch from an unpleasant duty."

"Gammon!" said Mr. Snacks, or began to say it; but was requested to reserve his observations.

Then Mr. Latimer, after a little quiet conference with his partner, arose and spoke decisively. "We have no wish to take you by surprise, Mr. Gaston, or to force your intentions from you. We will gladly meet any one appointed by you, and consider his views in an amicable spirit. Neither do we entertain any idea of 'kicking you out,' as you rather strongly put it. On the contrary, we hope for your good-will, to which we shall have some claim by relieving you from onerous and unprofitable work. Our course is clear, and nothing except the production of a will superseding this can oust us. We will not for the present remove your seals, but simply place our own beside them—a duplicate security, so to speak—and it will help us much to follow your suggestions of value by noting where you have sealed. Our senior clerk, who was out on business, will be here by this time, and will do the manual part, and remain in charge until further instructions. If you will come round with us, so much the better, or send with us any one you think fit. You clearly understand that we must do our duty, and no sensible man can take offense at that."

While the senior partner spoke, Mr. Emblin fingered the little golden horseshoe in his white cravat—which was all the gamesomeness he dared to carry about him in office hours—and fixed his eyes as keenly upon Gaston as if he were the Derby, or a great sculling match. Also Mr. Snacks was regarding him as sharply as if he had been a share list. And Gaston detested to be stared at.

"How much more of this?" cried he, with his furious temper leaping from his eyes, and his broad face in a blaze again. "You are taking a little too much upon yourselves with some dirty paper you have forged. Quips and quirks, and Does and Roes, and black rogues all the lot of you, I'll tell you what I'll do to settle it: I'll kick out you two thieves myself, and fetch up a scullery wench to put out this old ass with the shoe paste, who is too weak for me to handle. Pull up your coat tails, you two sneaks, and give me a fair run at you."

"Try it with me first," said Mr. Emblin, calmly. He was not a weak man, though of slighter build than Gaston.

"Allow me first honor," cried the ever-ready Snacks. "Here I am, sir; kick me out."

Mr. Gaston could have done it without much trouble, and began to make a mad charge at him. But suddenly his face turned purple-black, his closed fists fell at his side, and his thick red neck could not support his head. Down he fell upon the floor, with a crash that shook the room. The fire of his rolling eyes changed into a dull fixed glare, and a gush of bright blood from his mouth and nostrils dyed his breast.

"Run for a doctor!" cried Mr. Latimer. "Give me that cushion; keep his head up; cut his collar open with your penknife. Oh dear, oh dear, what mischief comes of taking the law into one's own hands!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TIME AND ETERNITY.

By G. P. Lathrop.

I walk with men and coldly speak
  Of what was once but is no more:
They do not hear the stifled shriek
  That bursts from out my heart's closed door.

I say, "When Francie died"—and then
  Go on with some dull word. He "died"?
No, no; that is not true. For when
  He went, 'twas Time, not *he*, that died.

DR. JAMES M. AUSTIN.

This estimable gentleman, whose death occurred in this city on the 3d inst., filled the important and responsible position of Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York for more than twenty-eight years. While engaged in the discharge of his duties in the Masonic Temple, on the 25th of November, he received a slight shock of apoplexy, and was conveyed to his residence. He rallied somewhat within the next forty-eight hours, but subsequently experienced a second shock, which proved fatal. He was apparently in his usual health up to the time of the attack, and it was hoped that his robust constitution would have enabled him to survive the shock.

Dr. Austin was born in Salem, Washington County, New York, on November 12, 1813. He was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, in 1839, received his diploma as Doctor of Medicine from the Albany Medical College in 1843, and for some years pursued the practice of his profession at Lansingburg and Waterford, in this State. In 1853 he removed to this city, and at the session of the Grand Lodge held in June of that year was elected Grand Secretary. His death will be sincerely mourned by thousands of brother Masons all over the country.

GENERAL KILPATRICK.

General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, United States Minister to Chili, died in Santiago, on Sunday, December 4. He was born in Deckertown, New Jersey, January 14, 1836. Entering West Point, he graduated the year the civil war broke out, and on the 6th of May, 1861, went into active service, and in his first battle, at Big Bethel, he was wounded. He was promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and afterward to the Colonelcy, of the Second New York Cavalry Volunteers, and soon became noted as one of the most dashing and daring, if not one of the most judicious, young officers in the army. He took part in the fights on the Rappahannock, second Bull Run, and in Maryland, and was promoted to be a Brigadier-General. He did valuable service at Gettysburg, and commanded the cavalry in Sherman's "March to the Sea." In 1865 he was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers. In November, 1865, he was appointed United States Minister to Chili, holding the position for three years. His first wife, who was a Miss Shaler, died during the war, and while in Chili he married a lady of that country, who accompanied him home. In the spring of this year he was again appointed to the Chilian mission.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Mr. Reinhart's picture on page 848 illustrates one of the many annoyances to which travellers, and especially Americans, are subjected in the Old World. The bill paid on leaving the hotel may state explicitly that charges for service are included in the items, but nevertheless the traveller's carriage is besieged by a whole army of waiters, each one petitioning for a small gratuity. In Germany it is for *Trinkgeld*, in France for *pourboire*—just to drink your health, you know, and a pleasant journey to the next stopping-place. Some of the guide-books specify the exact amount which custom prescribes; but it seems so ridiculously small that Americans travelling for the first time in Europe are tempted to double or triple it, for fear of appearing mean. The experience of a few weeks, however, is pretty certain to cure them of this sensitiveness, and to teach them that the more they give, the more will be expected of them. The rapacity of European waiters grows apace with what it feeds upon, and the more liberal and open-handed a traveller may be, the more pressing their demands become.

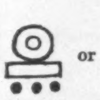
AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A TEMPLE WITH MASONIC SYMBOLS IN THE RUINED CITY OF UXMAL.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Dear Sir,—Among the many discoveries important to science, philology, and history which I made this year during my investigations in the ruined cities of Yucatan, from whence I have just returned with plans, photographs, moulds of inscriptions, and tracings of mural paintings, one of the most interesting is that of the existence of Masonic symbols in one of the monuments at Uxmal.

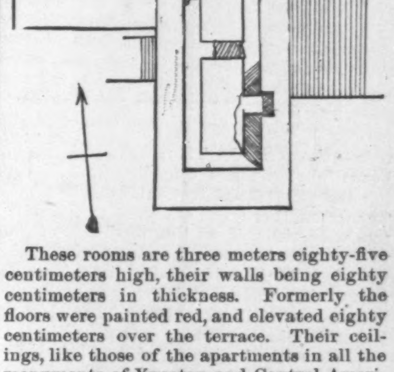
Soon after leaving the *casa principal* of the sugar plantation, turning sharp to the left, we enter the road that leads direct to the ruined city of Uxmal, or rather Oxmal

 or as we see it written

in the inscriptions carved on the western façade of the sanctuary. This name Oxmal means three times rebuilt, in the Maya language *ox* being three, and *mal* a particle that, united to a number, serves to indicate that a thing has been repeated.

At a mile distant is seen on that road, looming in solitary grandeur, a monument built on the top of a high artificial mound of peculiar construction. To a height of fifteen meters fifty centimeters it has the shape of a truncated elliptical cone, the upper side of which serves as a base to a building composed of two rooms—a sanctuary where, 150 years after the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, Father Cogolludo found that some aborigines had celebrated rites of their ancient worship but a very short time before his visit to it. Also to an oblong, gradated, perpendicular, truncated pyramid eight meters fifty centimeters high. The top of this pyramid forms a terrace twenty-seven meters long from north to south, and six meters eight centimeters wide from east to west. On this terrace is built the edifice commonly called, according to an ancient legend, the dwarf's house. It is seen, on account of its lofty position, from many miles around. Its longer sides face east and west, the line of orientation of its walls being north five degrees west of the compass, the variation of the needle being now five degrees east.

This building is composed of three apartments, having originally no communication with each other. Holes have been bored in their partition walls that have much weakened the construction, for what purpose it is hard to surmise, since the rooms are comparatively small, and can not have served, nor were they intended, for habitation. Those at the extremities of the building are of equal size, measuring each five meters fifty centimeters by two meters twenty centimeters. They opened toward the east on a small platform one meter fifty centimeters wide. That of the middle is seven meters twenty-five centimeters long and two meters twenty centimeters wide. Its door faced the west, and led, by means of a small stair, to the terrace formed by the roof of the sanctuary. From there the learned priests and astronomers, elevated above the mists of the plains below, could without hinderance follow the course of the celestial bodies in the clear cloudless skies of Yucatan, where at times the atmosphere is so pure and transparent that stars are clearly visible to the naked eye that require the aid of the telescope to be seen in other countries.



These rooms are three meters eighty-five centimeters high, their walls being eighty centimeters in thickness. Formerly the floors were painted red, and elevated eighty centimeters over the terrace. Their ceilings, like those of the apartments in all the monuments of Yucatan and Central America, form a triangular arch. This arch, found also in the ancient tombs of Chaldæa and in the oldest monuments of Egypt and Greece, was adopted from choice, not from ignorance, as some pretend, by the builders.

In the ceilings of the rooms situated at the north and south extremities of the buildings are placed, in peculiar and regular order, stones in the centre of which are carved, in deep intaglio, semi-spheres ten centimeters in diameter, intended to represent the planets and stars that at night so beautify the firmament. Inside of the triangle formed at each end of said rooms by the converging lines of the arch are also to be noticed several of these semi-spheres. Those in the north room form a triangle, as in Fig. 1, while those in the south room, five in number, figure a trapezium with one of these half-spheres in the middle, as in Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

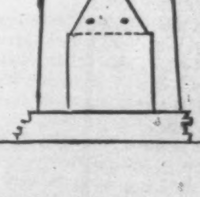
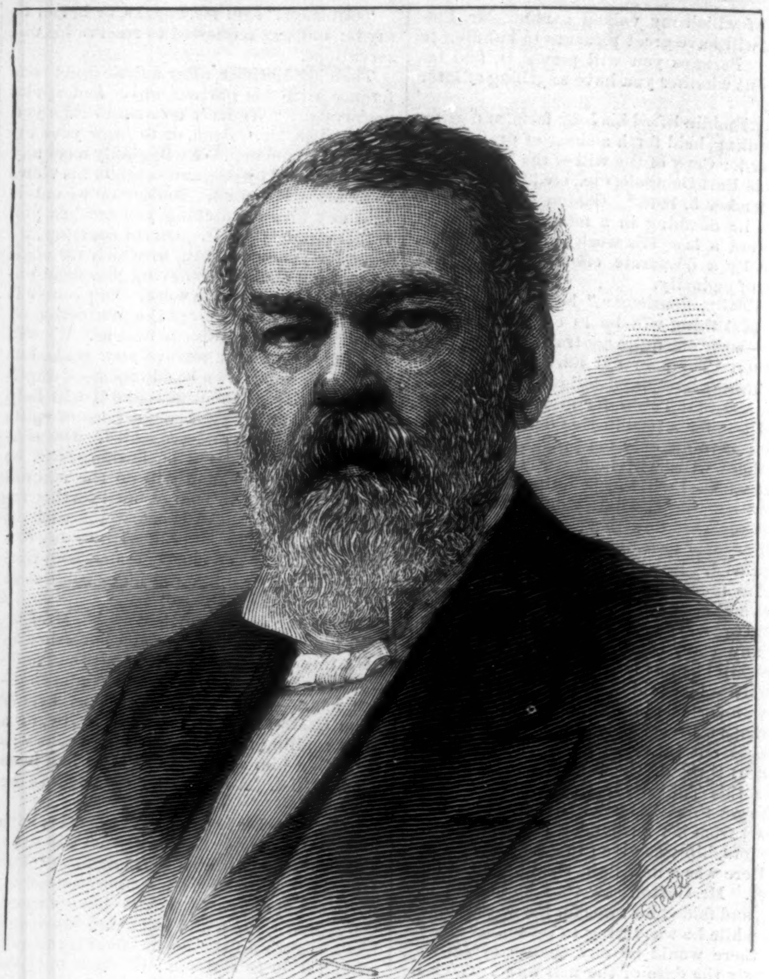


Fig. 2.

The middle chamber is devoid of decorations of any sort. The access to the north and south rooms was by a grand stairway of ninety-six steps, twenty centimeters each, that led to the upper narrow terrace surrounding the whole edifice. This stairway, situated on the east side of the mound, is fourteen meters wide, and so steep as to require no little practice and care to ascend and descend its steps with comparative safety and ease. Father Cogolludo informs us that when he came to descend, he felt regret for having ever ascended them, and then they were in good condition.

The middle chamber could be reached by walking on the terrace round the building, but I feel certain that those whose privilege it was to assemble within its walls reached

THE LATE GENERAL KILPATRICK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 851.]



THE LATE JAMES M. AUSTIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK E. PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 851.]

it from the west side. There was a stairway nine meters wide, beautifully ornamented, leading from the court-yard adjoining the priests' palace to the entrance of the sanctuary. Thence another small staircase two meters forty centimeters wide, situated on the north side of the sanctuary, led to the upper terrace and to the roof of that monument, and therefore to the middle chamber. The court-yard at the foot of this western stairway was surrounded by high and massive walls; in its centre stood an altar, and on it a symbol of the phallic worship introduced in the country by the Nahualt at the beginning of the Christian era.

A few centimeters above the lintel of the door of the sanctuary is a cornice that surrounds the whole edifice.

On this cornice are sculptured, in relief, the above symbols, many times repeated.

On the under part of the cornice are rings cut in the stone, wherefrom curtains were suspended, to hide the *sanctum sanctorum* from profane gaze.

The stone represented in this drawing was found in the first days of the month of August last, in the court of the priests' palace at Uxmal. After carefully taking a mould of it, I had it placed in one of the rooms in the south wing of the building, to save it, as much as possible, from being injured by fire, rain, etc., and there I left it. It represents the portion of the body from the waist to half way down the thighs of a man six feet high, judging by the size.

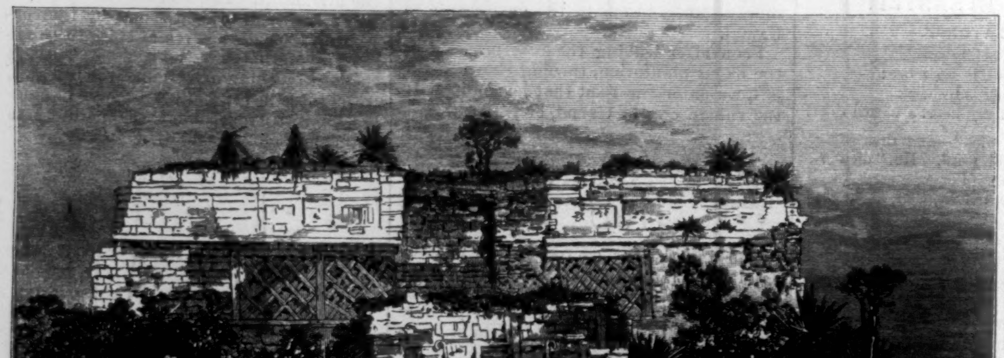
Another stone, fifty-five centimeters long by forty-five centimeters wide, on which are sculptured cabalistic symbols, was found also near the same monument. Notwithstanding a mould was made of it, it has been impossible to obtain a photo, on account of the position in which it lay, and from which it could not be removed. As soon as convenient, photos will be taken from the cast.

Cross-bones form also part of the ornaments of the east wing of the priests' palace. This portion of the building seems to have been set apart for the use of the high-priest. There are also decorations representing the links of a chain, and no doubt other symbols will come to light when the rubbish is removed.

To geologists, paleontologists, and philologists it belongs to determine the date when this temple and the other edifices that surround it, constructed evidently at the same epoch, were raised. Their builders took as symbol of Deity the mastodon's head, on which they carved inscriptions with Egyptian characters. This symbol forms a prominent feature in the ornamentation of the most ancient monuments. Besides characters purely Mayan, the mural inscriptions contain many letters of the Etruscan and Egyptian alphabets, the sentences being written in squares, as in the most ancient Chaldaic writings.

Messrs. CORNELIUS PORTER BLISS, of the New York *Herald*, and LOUIS H. AYMÉ, American consul at Merida, who visited me whilst at work among the ruins of Uxmal, in the middle of June last, can both testify to the correctness of the foregoing descriptions.

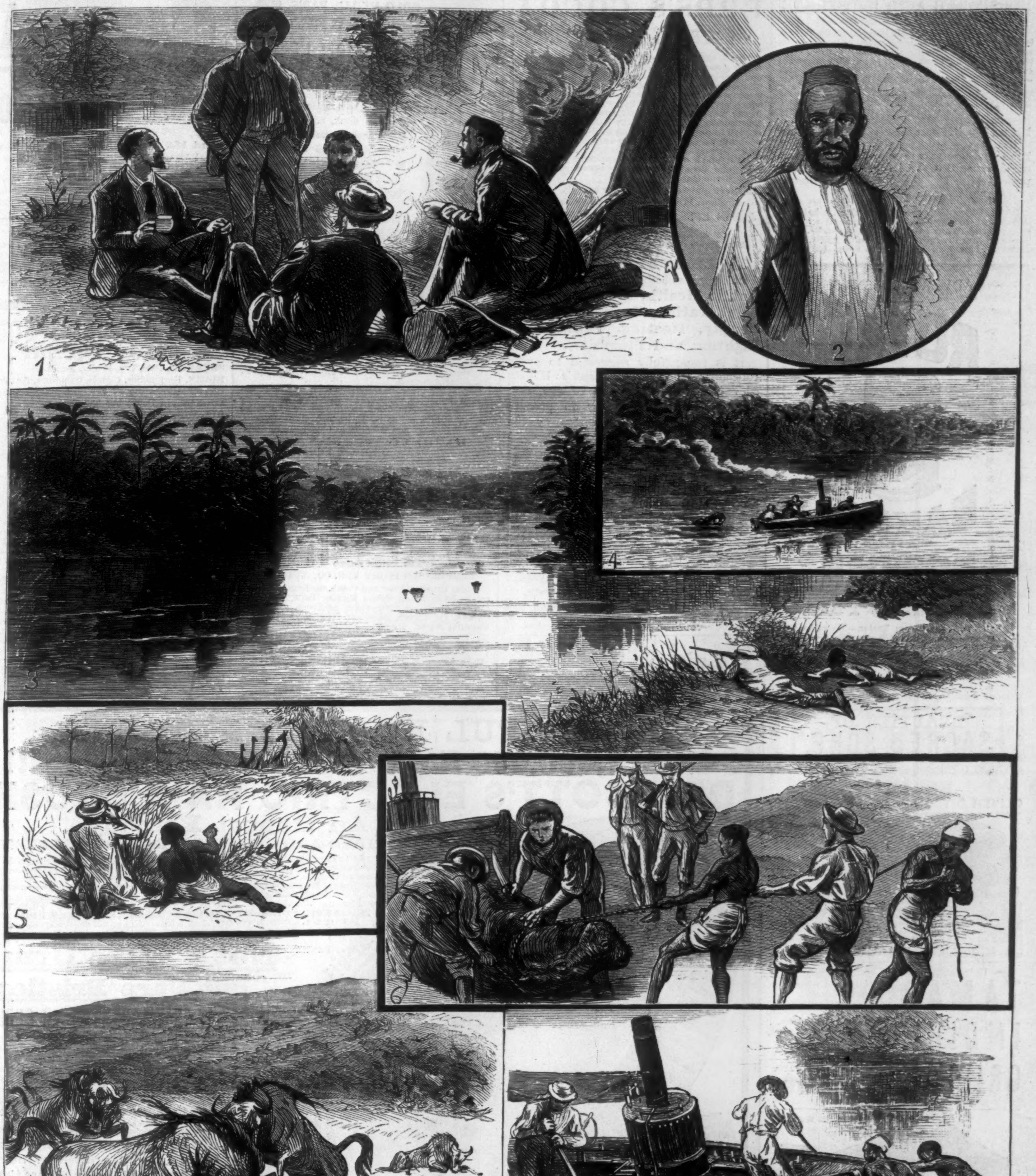
A. LE PLONGEON, M.D.



THE WEST FAÇADE.

THE TEMPLE MOUND.

THE DWARF'S HOUSE AND SANCTUARY, UXMAL, YUCATAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. A. LE PLONGEON.



1. Hunters' Camp, Warni River. 2. A Native, Warni River. 3 and 4. Hippopotamus-shooting on the Warni River. 5. Zebra-shooting, Warni River. 6. Cutting off the Head of the Hippopotamus. 7. Buffaloes fighting. 8. A Steam-Launch.

SKETCHES IN ZANZIBAR.

SKETCHES IN ZANZIBAR.

This name includes the well-known island on the east coast of Africa, so frequently mentioned in the accounts of the Livingstone search expeditions, and a long strip of the opposite mainland. Our sketches were taken by a party of hunters who tried their fortunes along the banks of the Warni River, in the latter part of the Sultan's territory, where game of many varieties is found in great abundance. The authority of the Sultan of Zanzibar is only nominal on the mainland, at least beyond the few walled towns which are garrisoned by his troops. The country is inhabited by wild negro tribes, and although it is extremely fertile, producing all kinds of tropical growths, including cotton, coffee, sugar, cloves, nutmegs, indigo, and cinnamon, besides maize, rice, and millet, very little has been done toward the development of its natural resources. The forests abound in valuable timber, and the rivers are well stocked with fish.

But the principal attraction of the country to Europeans at present is the quantity and variety of game with which it abounds. It is a perfect paradise for the hunter. The elephant, lion, rhinoceros, leopard, giraffe, and several kinds of antelopes roam in vast numbers through its immense and trackless forests and over its wide plains, and the hippopotamus and the crocodile are plentiful in its rivers. Wild cattle, sheep, goats, and fowl of many varieties are also abundant. European sportsmen generally engage a steam-launch to take them up the Warni, the Lufiji, or the Rovuma, as they may choose, as this convenient means of conveyance enables them to land at any point which they may select for the purpose of making short excursions into the country in search of game. The Warni is navigable for small craft to a distance of over twenty miles from its mouth, but it abounds in shoals, especially near the banks, from off which the unwary navigator is often obliged to pole his craft with great difficulty.

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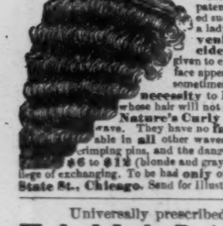

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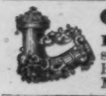

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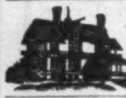

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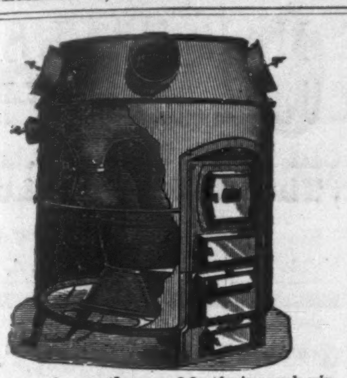

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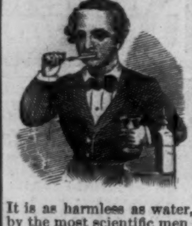

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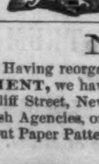

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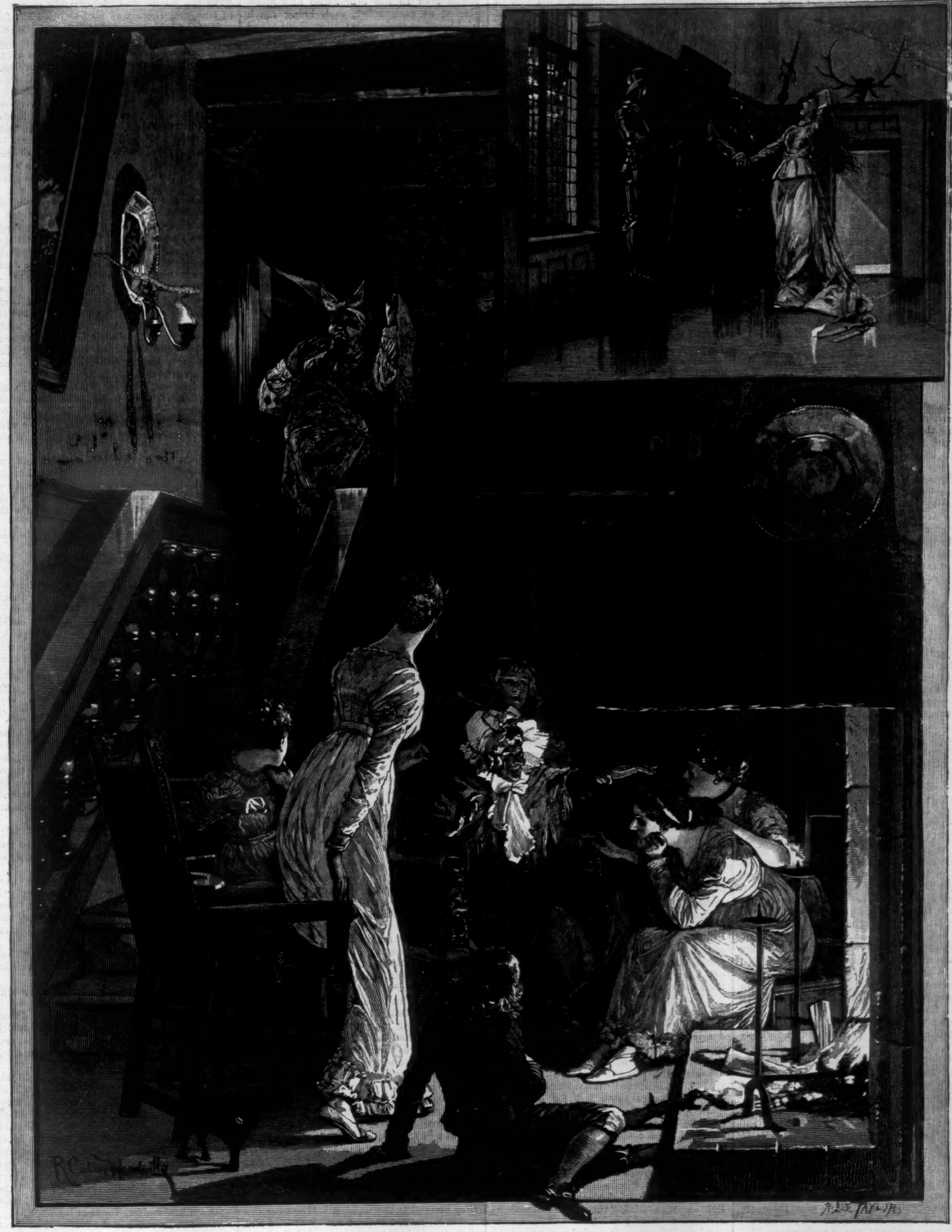

A GHOST STORY.

"You're better far in bed," she said,
The dame so ancient and so gray,
She who for fifty years had served
The house, where now she rules, they say.
"You'll not to bed? Then sit you here,
My Ladies Maude and Clare, and all;
I'll tell you of that lady sad
Whose portrait hangs on yonder wall.

"Three hundred years are past and gone
Since she, that lady sweet though proud,
Came in the May-time o'er the moors,
And on a milk-white palfrey rode.

Beside her wild Sir Geoffrey passed;
They came here in their honey-moon,
Which scarce a moon endured, alas!
Its sweetness turned to bitter soon.

"For wild Sir Geoffrey grew more wild;
The husband—who had lately sworn
To love and cherish—now repaid
Her tenderness with strife and scorn.
The gentle wife could only weep;
All night alone she sat in tears,
Till, as the wintry morning dawned,
A whisper seemed to reach her ears.

"*Who trusted Geoffrey shall have woe,*
But still must after Geoffrey go.
She, starting, woke; the dream had flown;
She found, that day, her lord was gone.
Till came the chilly winter-time,
When all the land was wrapt in snow,
The lady waited his return;
But oft would through the castle go.

"But chiefly did her footsteps stay
In that great Hall of Portraits, where
From floor to ceiling, closely ranged,
Were pictured lords and ladies fair.

Among those sombre painted folk
So many Geoffreys met her gaze,
The lady called on them by name,
And told her grief; it was her craze.

"On Christmas-eve, when happy chimes
Of village church bells filled the air,
The lady's frantic sorrow drove
Her lonely heart to wild despair.
And in that hall, where faces grave
Of earls and barons, knights and dames,
Sir Geoffrey's ancestors of yore,
Guarded their titles and their names,

"She singled out the portrait stern
  Of him, the Old Sir Geoffrey, Knight
Crusader, foremost of their line,
  Renowned in council and in fight.
And calling him to help her case,
  'Sir Geoffrey, thee I trust,' she said,
And on her knees, with covered eyes,
  Felt half in hope, and half in dread.

"Then, glimmering in the moonlight ray
  That showed the knight in armor cold,
He seemed to stretch an iron hand,
  Which of the lady's arm took hold.
Ay, that it did, and caught her *so!*"
  Out spoke the dame, with sudden gasp,
"Ay, just like this"—she clutched the arm
  Of Maude, to show the spectre's grasp.

Then midnight twelve o'clock did sound
  With awful strokes to break the tale,
Stopped that old housekeeper's discourse,
  And then each youthful face grew pale,
As, on the stair above, they heard—
  They saw—the muffled form descend
Of—James, the butler, come in time
  To lock the doors, and make an end.

[Continued from No. 1383, page 827.]

BENIGHTED TRAVELLERS.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Laodicean," etc.

II.

On the door being opened, a room too large to be comfortable, and lit by the best branch-candlesticks of the hotel, was disclosed, before the fire of which apartment the truant couple were sitting, very innocently looking over the hotel scrap-book and album, that contained views of the neighborhood. No sooner had the old man entered than the young lady—who now showed herself to be quite as young as described, and remarkably prepossessing as to features—perceptibly turned pale. When the nephew entered, she turned still paler, as if she were going to faint. The young man described as an opera-singer rose with grim civility, and placed chairs for his visitors.

"Caught you, thank God!" said the old gentleman, breathlessly.

"Yes, worse luck," murmured Signor Smittozzi, in native London-English, that distinguished alien having, in fact, first seen the light in the vicinity of City Road. "She would have been mine to-morrow. And I think that under the peculiar circumstances it would be wiser—considering how soon the breath of scandal will tarnish a lady's fame—to let her be mine to-morrow, just the same."

"Never!" said the old gentleman. "Here is a girl under age, without experience—child-like in her maiden innocence and virtue—whom you have plied by your vile arts, till this morning at dawn—"

"Sir, were I not bound to respect your gray hairs—"

"Till this morning at dawn you tempted her away from her father's roof. What blame can attach to her conduct that will not, on a full explanation of the matter, be readily passed over in her and thrown entirely on you? Lucetta, you return at once with me. I should not have arrived, after all, early enough to deliver you, if it had not been for the disinterestedness of your cousin, Captain Northbrook, who, on my discovering your flight this morning, offered with a promptitude for which I can never sufficiently thank him, to accompany me on my journey, as the only male relative I have left. Come, do you hear? Put on your things; we are off at once."

"I don't want to go," pouted the young lady.

"I dare say you don't," replied her father, dryly. "But children never know what's best for them. So come along, and trust to my opinion."

Lucetta was silent, and did not move, the opera gentleman looking helplessly into the fire, and the lady's cousin sitting meditatively calm, as the single one of the four whose position enabled him to survey the whole escapade with the cool criticism of a comparative outsider.

"I say to you, Lucetta, as the father of a daughter under age, that you instantly come with me. What? Would you compel me to use physical force to reclaim you?"

"I don't want to return," again declared Lucetta.

"It is your duty to return nevertheless, and at once, I inform you."

"I don't want to."

"Now, dear Lucetta, this is what I say: return with me and your cousin James quietly, like a good and repentant girl, and nothing will be said. Nobody knows what has happened as yet, and if we start at once, we shall be home before it is light to-morrow morning. Come."

"I am not obliged to come at your bidding, papa, and I would rather not."

Now James, the cousin, during this dialogue might have been observed to grow somewhat restless, and even impatient. More than once he had parted his lips to speak, but second thoughts each time held him back. The moment had come, however, when he could keep silence no longer.

"Come, madam," he spoke out, "this farce with your father has, in my opinion, gone on long enough. Just make no more ado, and step down stairs with us."

She gave herself an intractable little twist, and did not reply.

"By the Lord Harry, Lucetta, I won't stand this!" he said, angrily. "Come, get on your things before I come and compel you. There is a kind of compulsion to which this talk is child's play. Come, madam—instantly, I say."

The old gentleman turned to his nephew and said, mildly: "Leave me to insist, James. It doesn't become you. I can speak to her sharply enough, if I choose."

James, however, did not heed his uncle, and went on to the troublesome maiden: "You say you don't want to come, indeed! A pretty story to tell me, that! Come, march out of the room at once, and leave that hulking fellow for me to deal with afterward. Get on quickly—come!" and he advanced toward her as if to pull her by the hand.

"Nay, nay," expostulated the old gentleman, much surprised at his nephew's sudden demeanor. "You take too much upon yourself. Leave her to me."

"I won't leave her to you any longer."

"You have no right, James, to address either me or her in this way; so just hold your tongue. Come, my dear."

"I have every right," insisted James.

"How do you make that out?"

"I have the right of a husband."

"Whose husband?"

"Hers."

"What?"

"She's my wife."

"James!"

"Well, to cut a long story short, I may say that she secretly married me, in spite of your prohibition, about three months ago. And I must add that, though she cooled down rather quickly, everything went on smoothly enough between us for some time, in spite of the awkwardness of meeting only by stealth. We were only waiting for a convenient moment to break the news to you when this idle Adonis turned up, and after poisoning her mind against me, brought her into this disgrace."

Here the operatic luminary, who had sat in rather an abstracted and nerveless attitude till the cousin made his declaration, fired up and cried: "I declare before Heaven that till this moment I never knew she was a wife! I found her in her father's house an unhappy girl—unhappy, as I believe, because of the loneliness and dreariness of that establishment, and the want of society, and for nothing else whatever. What this statement about her being your wife means I am quite at a loss to understand. Are you indeed married to him, Lucetta?"

Lucetta nodded from within her tearful handkerchief. "It was because of my anomalous position in being privately married to him," she sobbed, "that I was unhappy at home—and—and I didn't like him so well as I did at first—and I wished I could get out of the mess I was in; and then I saw you a few times, and when you said, 'We'll run off,' I thought I saw a way out of it all, and then I agreed to come with you."

"Well! well! well! And is this true?" murmured the bewildered old man, staring from James to Lucetta, and from Lucetta to James, as if he fancied they might be figments of the imagination. "Is this, then, James, the secret of your kindness to your old uncle in helping him to find his daughter? Good heavens! What further depths of duplicity are there left for a man to learn!"

"I have married her, uncle, as I said," answered James, coolly. "The deed is done, and can't be undone by talking here."

"Where were you married?"

"At St. Mary's, Portpool."

"When?"

"On the 29th of September, during the time she was visiting there."

"Who married you?"

"I don't know. One of the curates—we were quite strangers to the place. So, instead of my assisting you to recover her, you may as well assist me."

"Never! never! Madam and sir, I beg to tell you that I wash my hands of the whole affair. If you are man and wife, as it seems you are, get reconciled as best you may. I have no more to say or do with either of you. I leave you, Lucetta, in the hands of your husband, and much joy may you bring him, though the situation, I own, is not encouraging."

Saying this, the indignant speaker pushed back his chair against the table with such force that the candlesticks rocked on their bases, and left the room.

Lucetta's wet eyes roved from one of the young men to the other, who now stood glaring at each other, and, being much frightened at their aspect, slipped out of the room after her father. Him, however, she could hear going out of the front door, and not knowing where to take shelter, she crept into the darkness of an adjoining bedroom, and there awaited events with a palpitating heart.

Meanwhile the two men remaining in the sitting-room drew nearer to each other, and the opera-singer broke the silence by saying, "How could you insult me in the way you did, calling me a fellow, and accusing me of poisoning her mind toward you, when you knew very well I was as ignorant of your relation to her as an unborn babe?"

"Oh yes, you were quite ignorant; I can believe that readily," sneered Lucetta's husband.

"I here call Heaven to witness that I never knew!"

"Recitative—the rhythm excellent, and the tone well sustained. Is it likely that any man could win the confidence of a young fool her age, and not get that out of her? Preposterous. Tell it to the most improved new pit stalls."

"Captain Northbrook, your insinuations are as despicable as your wretched person," cried the barytone, losing all patience. And springing forward he slapped the captain in the face with the palm of his hand.

Northbrook flinched but slightly, and calmly using his handkerchief to learn if his nose was bleeding, said, "I quite expected this insult, so I came prepared." And he drew forth from a black valise which he carried in his hand a small case of pistols.

The barytone started at the unexpected sight, but recovering from his surprise, said, "Very well, as you will," though perhaps his tone showed a slight want of confidence.

"Now," continued the husband, quite confidently, "we want no parade, no nonsense, you know. Therefore we'll dispense with seconds?"

The signor slightly nodded.

"Do you know this part of the country well?" Cousin James went on, in the same cool and still manner. "If you don't, I do. Quite at the bottom of the vale over there, just beside the stream which flows through it, is a smooth grassy space, not so much shut in as to be out of the moonlight; and the way down to it from this side is over the little bridge at the top of the cataract, just by the cell of the Two Sisters. A path of steps is cut in the slope, and we can find our way down without trouble. We—we two—will find our way down; but only one of us will find his way up, you understand?"

"Quite."

"Then suppose we start: the sooner it is over, the better. We can order supper before we go out—supper for two; for though we are three at present—"

"Three?"

"Yes; you and I and she—"

"Oh yes."

"—We shall be only two by-and-by; so that, as I say, we will order supper for two; for the lady and *a* gentleman. Whichever comes back alive will tap at her door, and call her in to share the repast with him—she's not off the premises. But we must not alarm her now; and above all things we must not let the inn people see us go out; it would look so odd for two to go out, and only one come in. Are you ready?"

"Oh—quite."

"Then I'll lead the way."

He went softly to the door and down stairs, ordering supper to be ready in an hour, as he had said; then making a feint of returning to the room again, he beckoned to the singer, and together they slipped out of the house by a side door.

III.

The sky was now quite clear, and the wheel-marks of the brougham which had borne away Lucetta's father remained distinctly visible. Soon the verge of the glen was reached, the captain leading the way, and the barytone following silently, casting furtive glances at his companion, and beyond him at the scene ahead. In due course they arrived at the wooden bridge over the water-fall. The outlook here was wild and picturesque in the extreme, and fully justified the many praises, paintings, and photographic views to which the spot had given birth. What in summer was charmingly green and gray, was now rendered weird and fantastic by the snow.

From under the centre of the bridge the cascade plunged downward almost vertically to a depth of eighty or a hundred feet, and though the stream was but small, its impact upon jutting rocks in its descent divided it into a hundred spirts and splashes that sent up a mist into the upper air. A few marginal drippings had been frozen into icicles, but the centre flowed on unimpeded.

The operatic artist looked down as he crossed, but his thoughts were plainly not of the beauty of the scene. His companion with the pistols was immediately in front of him, and there was no hand-rail on the side of the bridge toward the rapids. Obeying a quick impulse, he stretched out his arm, and with a superhuman thrust sent Lucetta's husband reeling over the bridge. A whirling human shape, diminishing downward in the moon's rays farther and farther toward invisibility, a smack-smack upon the projecting ledges of rock—at first louder and heavier than that of the stream, and then scarcely to be distinguished from it—then a cessation, then the splashing of the water as before, were all the incidents that disturbed the customary flow of the water-fall.

The singer waited in a fixed attitude for a few minutes, then turning, he rapidly retraced his steps down the declivity toward the road, and in less than a quarter of an hour was at the door of the hotel. Slipping quietly in as the clock struck ten, he said to the landlord, over the bar hatchway:

"The bill as soon as you can let me have it, including charges for the supper that was ordered, though we can not stay to eat it, I am sorry to say." He added, with forced gayety, "The lady's father and cousin have thought better of intercepting the marriage, and after quarrelling with each other have gone home independently."

"Well done, sir!" said the landlord, who still sided with this customer in preference to those who had given trouble and barely paid for baiting the horses. "'Love will find out the way,' as the saying is. Wish you joy, sir."

Signor Smittozzi went up stairs, and on entering the sitting-room found that Lucetta had crept out from the dark adjoining chamber in his absence. She looked up at him with eyes red from weeping, and with symptoms of alarm.

"What is it?—where is he?" she said, apprehensively.

"Captain Northbrook has gone back. He says he will have no more to do with you."

"And I am quite abandoned by them!—and they'll forget me, and nobody care about me any more!" She began to cry afresh.

"But it is the luckiest thing that could have happened. All is just as it was before they came disturbing us. But, Lucetta, you ought to have told me about that private marriage, though it is all the same now; it will be dissolved, of course. You are a wid—virtually a widow."

"It is no use to reproach me for what is past. What am I to do now?"

"We go at once to Portpool. The horse has rested thoroughly these last three hours, and he will have no difficulty in doing an additional seven miles. We shall be there before twelve, and there are late hotels by the railway. There we'll sell both horse and carriage to-morrow morning; and once on board, are safe."

"I agree to anything," she said, listlessly.

In about ten minutes the horse was put in, the bill paid, the lady's dried wraps put round her, and the journey resumed.

When about a mile on their way, they saw a glimmering light in advance of them. "I wonder what that is," said the barytone, whose manner had latterly become nervous, every sound and sight causing him to turn his head.

"It is only a turnpike," said she. "That light is the lamp kept burning over the door."

"Of course, of course, dearest. How stupid I am!"

On reaching the gate they perceived that a man on foot had approached it diagonally by a path from the interior of the vale, and was, at the moment they drew up, standing in conversation with the gate-keeper.

"It is quite impossible that he could fall over the cataract by accident or the will of God on such a light night as this," the pedestrian was saying. "These two children I tell you of saw two men go along the path toward the bridge, and ten minutes later only one of 'em came back, walking fast like a man who wanted to get out of the way because he had done something queer. There is no manner of doubt that he pushed the other man over, and, mark me, it will soon cause a hue-and-cry for that man."

The candle shone in the face of the Signor and showed that there had arisen upon it an expression of ghastliness. Lucetta, glancing toward him for a few moments, observed it, till the gate-keeper having mechanically swung open the gate, her companion drove through, and they were soon again enveloped in the shadows of the trees.

Her conductor had said to Lucetta, just before, that he meant to inquire the way at this turnpike; but he had certainly not done so.

As soon as they had gone a little further the omission, intentional or not, began to cause them some trouble. Beyond the secluded mountainous district which they now traversed ran the main road, on which progress would be easy, the snow being pro-

bably already beaten there to some extent; but they had not yet reached it, and having no one to guide them, their journey began to appear less feasible than it had done before starting. When the little lane which they still followed ascended another hill, and seemed to wind round in a direction contrary to the expected route to Portpool, the question grew serious. Ever since overhearing the conversation at the turnpike, Lucetta had maintained a perfect silence, and had even shrunk somewhat away from the side of her lover.

"Why don't you talk, Lucetta," he said, with forced buoyancy, "and suggest the way we should go?"

"Oh yes, I will," she said, a curious fearfulness being audible in her voice.

After this she uttered a few occasional sentences which seemed to persuade him that she suspected nothing. At last he drew rein, and the weary horse stood still.

"We are in a fix," he said.

She answered, eagerly: "I'll hold the reins while you run forward to the top of the ridge, and see if the road takes a favorable turn beyond. It would give the horse a few minutes' rest, and if you find out no change in the direction, we will retrace this road, and take the other turning."

The expedient seemed a good one in the circumstances, especially when recommended by the singular eagerness of her voice, and placing the reins in her hands—a quite unnecessary precaution, considering the state of their hack—he stepped out and went forward through the snow till she could see no more of him.

No sooner was he gone than Lucetta, with a rapidity which contrasted strangely with her previous stillness, made fast the reins to the corner of the phaeton, and slipping out on the opposite side, ran back with all her might down the hill, till, coming to an opening in the hedge, she scrambled through it, and plunged under the trees which bordered this portion of the lane. Here she stood in hiding under one of the large trunks, clinging so closely to its rugged surface as to seem but a portion of its mass, and listening intently for the faintest sound of pursuit. But nothing disturbed the stillness save the occasional slipping of gathered snow from the bows, or the rustle of some wild animal over the crisp flake-bespattered herbage. At length, apparently convinced that her former companion was either unable to find her, or not anxious to do so, in the present strange state of affairs, she crept out from the trees, and in less than an hour found herself again approaching the door of the Prospect Hotel.

As she drew near, Lucetta could see that, far from being wrapped in darkness, as she might have expected, there were ample signs that all the tenants were on the alert, lights moving about the open space in front. Satisfaction was expressed in her face when she discerned that no re-appearance of her barytone and his pony-carriage was causing this sensation; but it speedily gave way to grief and dismay when she saw by the lights the form of a man borne on a stretcher by two others into the porch of the hotel.

"I have caused all this," she murmured between her quivering lips. "He has murdered him." Running forward to the door, she hastily asked of the first person she met if the man on the stretcher was dead.

"No, miss," said the laborer addressed, eying her up and down as an unexpected apparition. "He is still alive, they say, but unconscious. He either fell or was pushed over the water-fall; 'tis thoughted he was pushed. He is the gentleman who came here just now with the old squire, and went out afterward (as is thoughted) with a stranger who had come a little earlier. Anyhow, that's as I had it."

Lucetta entered the house, and acknowledging without the least reserve that she was the injured man's wife, had soon installed herself as head nurse by the bed on which he lay. When the two surgeons who had been sent for arrived, she learned from them that his wounds were so severe as to leave but a slender hope of recovery, it being little short of miraculous that he was not killed on the spot, which his enemy had evidently reckoned to be the case. She knew who that enemy was, and shuddered.

Lucetta watched all night, but her husband knew nothing of her presence. During the next day he slightly recognized her, and in the evening was able to speak. He informed the surgeons that, as was surmised, he had been pushed over the cataract by Signor Smittozzi; but he communicated nothing to her who nursed him, not even replying to her remarks; he nodded courteously at any act of attention she rendered, and that was all.

In a day or two it was declared that everything favored his recovery, notwithstanding the severity of his injuries. Full search was made for Smittozzi, but as yet there was no intelligence of his whereabouts, though the repentant Lucetta communicated all she knew. As far as could be judged, he had come back to the carriage after searching out the way, and finding the young lady missing, had looked about for her till he was tired; then had driven on to Portpool, sold the horse and carriage next morning, and disappeared, probably by one of the departing steamers, the only difference from his original programme being that he had gone alone.

IV.

During the days and weeks of that long and tedious recovery Lucetta watched by her husband's bedside with a zeal and assiduity which would have considerably extenuated any other fault save one of such magnitude as hers had been. That her husband did not forgive her was soon obvious. Nothing that she could do in the way of smoothing pillows, easing his position, shifting bandages, or administering draughts could win from him more than a few measured words of thankfulness, such as he would probably have uttered to any other woman on earth who had performed these particular services for him.

"Dear, dear James," she said one day, bending her face upon the bed in an excess of emotion. "How you have suffered! It has been too cruel. I am more glad you are getting better than I can say. I have prayed for it—and I am sorry for what I have done, and—I hope you will not think me so very bad, James."

"Oh no. On the contrary, I shall think you very good—as a nurse," he answered, the caustic severity of his tone being apparent through its weakness.

Lucetta let fall two or three silent tears, and said no more that day.

Somehow or other Signor Smittozzi seemed to be making good his escape. It transpired that he had not taken a passage on board either of the suspected steamers, though he had certainly got out of the country; altogether, the chance of finding him was problematical.

Not only did Captain Northbrook survive his injuries, but it soon appeared that in the course of a few weeks he would find himself little if any the worse for the catastrophe. It could also be seen that Lucetta, while secretly hoping for her husband's forgiveness for a piece of folly of which she saw the enormity more clearly every day, was in great doubt as to what her future relations with him would be. Moreover, to add to the complication, whilst she, as a runaway wife, was unforgiven by her husband, she and her husband, as a runaway couple, were unforgiven by her father, who had never once communicated with either of them since his departure from the inn. But her immediate anxiety was to win the pardon of her husband, who possibly might be bearing in mind, as he lay upon his couch, the familiar words of Brabantio, "She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Matters went on thus till Captain Northbrook was able to walk about. He then removed with his wife to quiet apartments at the sea-side, and here his recovery was rapid. Walking up the cliffs one day, supporting him by her arm as usual, she said to him, simply, "James, if I go on as I am going now, and always attend to your smallest want, and never think of anything but devotion to you, will you—try to like me a little?"

"It is a thing I must carefully consider," he said, with the same gloomy dryness which characterized all his words to her now. "When I have considered, I will tell you."

He did not tell her that evening, though she lingered long at her routine work of making his bedroom comfortable, putting the light so that it would not shine into his eyes, seeing him fall asleep, and then retiring noiselessly to her own chamber. When they met in the morning at breakfast, and she had asked him as usual how he had passed the night, she added, timidly, in the silence which followed his answer, "Have you considered?"

"No, I have not considered sufficiently to give you an answer."

Lucetta sighed, but to no purpose; and the day wore on with intense heaviness to her, and the customary modicum of strength gained to him.

The next morning she put the same question, and looked up despairingly in his face, as though her whole life hung upon his reply.

"Yes, I have considered," he said.

"Ah!"

"We must part."

"Oh, James!"

"I can not forgive you: no man would. Enough is settled upon you to keep you in comfort, whatever your father may do. I shall sell out, and disappear from this hemisphere."

"You have absolutely decided?" she asked, miserably. "I have nobody now to c-c-care for—"

"I have absolutely decided," he shortly returned. "We had better part here. You will go back to your father. There is no reason why I should accompany you, since my presence would only stand in the way of the forgiveness he will probably grant you if you appear before him alone. We will say farewell to each other in three days from this time. I have calculated on being ready to go on that day."

Bowed down with trouble, she withdrew to her room, and the three days were passed by her husband in writing letters and attending to other business matters, saying hardly a word to her the while. The morning of departure came; but before the horses had been put in to take the severed twain in different directions, out of sight of each other possibly forever, the postman arrived with the morning letters.

There was one for the captain; none for her—there were never any for her. However, on this occasion something was inclosed for her in his, which he handed her. She read it, and looked up helpless.

"My dear father—is dead!" she said. In a few moments she added, in a whisper, "I must go to the house to bury him......Will you go with me, James?"

He musingly looked out of the window. "I suppose it is an awkward and melancholy undertaking for a woman alone," he said, coldly. "Well, well—my poor uncle! —Yes, I'll go with you, and see you through the business."

So they went off together instead of asunder, as planned. It is unnecessary to record the details of the journey, or of the sad week which followed it at her father's house. His seat was a fine old mansion standing in its own park, and there were plenty of opportunities for husband and wife either to avoid each other or to get reconciled, if they were so minded, which one of them was respectively. Captain Northbrook was not present at the reading of the will. She came to him afterward, and found him packing up his papers, intending to start next morning, now that he had seen her through the turmoil occasioned by her father's death.

"He has left me everything," she said to her husband. "James, will you forgive me now, and stay?"

"I can not stay."

"Why not?"

"I can not stay," he repeated.

"But why?"

"I don't like you."

He was true to his word. When she came down stairs the next morning she was told that he had gone.

V.

Lucetta bore her double bereavement as best she could. There was the vast mansion, with all its historic contents; hard by lay the undulating park, studded with trees a dozen times her own age; beyond it, the wood; beyond the wood, the farms. All this fair and quiet scene was hers. She nevertheless remained a lonely, repentant, depressed being, who would have given the greater part of everything she possessed to insure the presence and affection of that husband whose very austerity and phlegm—qualities that had formerly led to the alienation between them—seemed now to be adorable features in his character.

She hoped and hoped again, but all to no purpose. Captain Northbrook did not alter his mind and return. He was quite a different sort of man from one who altered his mind; that she was at last despairingly forced to admit. And then she left off hoping, and settled down to a mechanical routine of existence which in some measure dulled her grief, but at the expense of all her natural animation and the sprightly willfulness which had once charmed those who knew her, though it was perhaps all the while a factor in the production of her unhappiness.

To say that her beauty quite departed as the years rolled on would be to overstate the truth. Time is not a merciful master, as we all know, and he was not likely to act exceptionally in the case of a woman who had mental troubles to bear in addition to the ordinary weight of years. Be this as it may, eleven other winters came and went, and Lucetta Northbrook remained the lonely mistress of the house and lands without once hearing of her husband. Every probability seemed to favor the assumption that he had died in some foreign land; and offers for her hand were not few as the probability verged on certainty with the long lapse of time. But the idea of remarriage seemed never to have entered her head for a moment. Whether she continued to hope even now for his return could not be distinctly ascertained; at all events she lived a life unmodified in the slightest degree from that of the first six months of his absence.

This twelfth year of Lucetta's loneliness, and the thirtieth of her life, drew on apace, and the season approached that had seen the unhappy adventure for which she so long had suffered. Christmas promised to be rather wet than cold, and the trees on the outskirts of Lucetta's estate dripped monotonously from day to day upon the turnpike-road which bordered them. On an afternoon, between three and four o'clock, in this week, a hired fly might have been seen driving along the highway at this point, and on reaching the top of the hill it stopped. A gentleman of middle age alighted from the vehicle.

"You need drive no further," he said to the coachman. "The rain seems to have nearly ceased. I'll stroll a little way, and return on foot to the inn by dinner-time."

The flyman touched his hat, turned the horse, and drove back as directed. When he was out of sight, the gentleman walked on, but he had not gone far before the rain again came down pitilessly, though of this the pedestrian took little heed, going leisurely onward till he reached Lucetta's park gate, which he passed through. The clouds were thick and the days were short, so that by the time he stood in front of the mansion it was dark. In addition to this his appearance, which on alighting from the carriage had been untarnished, partook now of the character of a drenched wayfarer not too well blessed with this world's goods. He halted for no more than a moment at the front entrance, and going round to the servants' quarter, as if he had a preconceived purpose in so doing, there rang the bell. When a footboy came to him he inquired if they would kindly allow him to dry himself by the kitchen fire.

The page retired, and after a murmured colloquy returned with the cook, who informed the wet and muddy man that though it was not her custom to admit strangers, she should have no particular objection to his drying himself, the night being so damp and gloomy. Therefore the wayfarer entered and sat down by the fire.

"The owner of this house is a very rich gentleman, no doubt?" he asked, as he watched the meat turning on the spit.

"'Tis not a gentleman, but a lady," said the cook.

"A widow, I presume?"

"A sort of widow. Poor soul, her husband is gone abroad, and has never been heard of for many years."

"She sees plenty of company, no doubt, to make up for his absence?"

"No, indeed—hardly a soul. Living here is as bad as being in a nunnery."

In short, the wayfarer, who had at first been so coldly received, contrived by his frank and engaging manner to draw the ladies of the kitchen into a most confidential conversation, in which Lucetta's history was minutely detailed, from the day of her husband's departure to the present. The salient feature in all their discourse was her unflagging devotion to his memory.

Having apparently learned all that he wanted to know—among other things that she was at this moment, as always, alone—the traveller said he was quite dry; and thanking the servants for their kindness, departed as he had come. On emerging into the darkness he did not, however, go down the avenue by which he had arrived. He simply walked round to the front door. There he rang, and the door was opened to him by a man-servant whom he had not seen during his sojourn at the other end of the house.

In answer to the servant's inquiry for his name, he said, "Will you tell Mrs. Northbrook that the man she nursed many years ago, after a frightful accident, has called to thank her?"

The footman retreated, and it was rather a long time before any further signs of attention were apparent. Then he was shown into the drawing-room, and the door closed behind him.

On the couch was Lucetta, trembling and pale. She parted her lips and held out her hands to him, but could not speak. But he did not require speech, and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

Strange news circulated through that mansion and the neighboring town on the next and following days. But the world has a way of getting used to things, and the intelligence of the return of Mrs. Northbrook's long-absent husband was soon received with comparative calm.

A few days more brought Christmas, and the forlorn home of Lucetta Northbrook blazed from basement to attic with light and cheerfulness. Not that the house was overcrowded with visitors, but many were present, and the apathy of a dozen years came at length to an end. The animation which set in thus at the close of the old year did not diminish on the arrival of the new; and by the time its twelve months had likewise run the course of its predecessors, a son had been added to the dwindled line of the Northbrook family.

THE END.

HOPES AND FEARS.

"'As firm as oak, and free from care,
The sailor holds his heart at sea:'
This was the song he used to sing
When Johnny first came courting me.
The night is dark, the wind is high,
I hear the breakers on the shore:

I wish I had him safe at home,
And he would leave me never more.
'Come night's deep noon, and ne'er a moon
Or star aloft a watch to keep':
These were the words he used to sing
When little Jack was rocked to sleep.

I fancy I can hear his voice—
'Tis but the wailing of the storm!
My heart is glad to be deceived
By shadows if they take his form."
The children playing on the hearth
Wondered to see their mother sad,

NEARING HOME.

For they were full of childish glee,
 And wished her also to be glad.
She brushed the starting tear away,
 As silently she knelt and prayed;
She tried to calm her aching heart,
 And humbly asked for Heaven's aid.

"O Ruler of the earth and sky,
 Thou holdest ocean in Thy hand;
Have mercy on my children dear,
 And send their father safe to land!"
With hope renewed she kissed her babes,
 While he for whom she breathed the prayer

Stood steadfast on the briny deck,
 "As firm as oak, and free from care."
The wind went down, the gale was spent,
 The good ship made her port at noon;
The sailor kissed his wife and bairns
 Before the rising of the moon.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

An elegant gift-book, and a useful and interesting volume for household use, is *Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*, edited by Epes Sargent. It is a large octavo of nearly one thousand pages, and is arranged with a view to make it a valuable reference-book of English poetical literature from the time of Chaucer to the present day. No one could have been more eminently fitted for this work than was Mr. Sargent. His knowledge of English and American literature was thorough and profound, and his judgment that of a discriminating poet. This volume is the crowning labor of a long life devoted to literature. Its author lived to see it in type and to give it the finishing touches, but before its pages could be given to the public he who had labored over its preparation with so much enthusiastic ardor had passed away. The poets, specimens of whose works are comprised in this book, are arranged chronologically, and to the selections from each is appended a brief biographical notice, which, in reference to the most distinguished, sums up as concisely as possible the chief incidents of their lives and the characteristics of their writings. Other notices, concerning names of less note, are condensed to a few lines. These biographical notes have been prepared by Mr. Sargent especially to meet the requirements of those readers who have neither time nor opportunity to search through large volumes of biography, and they give all the information the ordinary reader will desire to obtain. This work is rightly named a *cyclopædia*, for it contains not only the most notable poems in the English language, and all of the old familiar favorites, but judicious selections from the writings of poets of every period. A more comprehensive collection of English poetry has never been published.

The volumes of ballads by Will Carleton are among the most popular books of modern poetry. The hearty and universal acceptance accorded them by the public has rarely been equalled. *Farm Ballads*, which contains "Betsey and I are Out," a poem which at once secured a lasting reputation for its author, was shortly followed by *Farm Legends*, in which, as in all the writings of Mr. Carleton, humor and pathos are combined in simple, touching words. Recently a third volume has appeared, entitled *Farm Festivals*, in which Thanksgiving-day, Christmas, the Country Store, Town Meeting, the Singing-school, and kindred subjects, call forth some of Mr. Carleton's best verses. The great charm of the writings of Mr. Carleton is their familiar treatment of domestic topics of every-day life. Laughter and tears intermingle in his verses, as they do in the history of every household, and the feelings of the reader follow unresistingly the mood of the poet. Simple life on the farm and in the country village was never more artistically portrayed. Mr. Carleton, himself a farmer's son, enters with feeling which can only come from experience into the many phases of rustic life, and his verses have a genuineness about them that strikes home to every heart. He is also highly imaginative, but whatever he writes is characterized by naturalness and simplicity of language. The public appreciation of Mr. Carleton's power as an author is evinced by the remarkably large demand for his books both in this country and in England—a demand which is likely to remain undiminished for much time to come, as every new production adds to his popularity as an author. His volume of *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes* is a charming book for youthful readers, and some incidents of the Revolution could not be more securely impressed upon their minds than by a perusal of its pages. All of Mr. Carleton's books are illustrated, and bound in ornamental covers suitable for a holiday gift.

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century, selected and edited by the Rev. Robert A. Willmott, with English and American additions arranged by Evert A. Duyckinck, is an elegant and acceptable volume for a Christmas present. It contains an extensive and judicious selection from the works of modern poets, and numerous engravings from drawings by eminent American and English artists.

An elegantly printed and bound volume of music for the household is *Tennyson's Songs, with Music*. It contains forty-five exquisite songs selected from Tennyson's poetical works, with original melodies, thirty-five of which were composed expressly for this volume by Joachim Raff, Franz Liszt, J. L. Hatton, Arthur Sullivan, and others. The melodies are given with well-arranged accompaniments, and some few of the pieces have been set as part-songs. Ten full-page engravings, from drawings by Alfred Fredericks, Mrs. Jessie Shepherd, Winslow Homer, and C. S. Reinhart, and an excellent portrait of Tennyson, increase the beauty and value of this volume as a gift-book.

Ilios: the City and Country of the Trojans, by Dr. Henry Schliemann, is an imperial octavo volume of rare interest and importance. It embodies an exhaustive account of the excavations made by its author at Hissarlik and in other parts of the Troad. The narrative it contains of the uncovering of the seven buried cities—buried from human knowledge for who shall say how many ages?—is more interesting and picturesque than any work of imagination. Facts here are invested with the wonder of a fairy tale, and the reader hangs over the pages with breathless interest. Maps, plans of excavations, and about eighteen hundred illustrations of objects discovered among the remains of these ancient cities, are given in this volume, and not a little interest is added to the work by the appendices by eminent classical scholars and archæologists. Students of classical literature will find many things in this book of utmost assistance in their studies.

A work of similar character, and of equal absorbing interest, is *Cyprus: its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples*, by General Louis Palma di Cesnola. This book covers a different field of investigation, but one of equal importance. General Cesnola's excavations in Cyprus have revealed to the modern world for the first time the birth of Greek art, and its growth toward that perfection which has remained the marvel of the world for ages. During a period of ten years the author of this work was engaged in his search after ancient cities, and the burial-places of their inhabitants. A grand success crowned his efforts. His discoveries are described in this volume in a genial, familiar style, which gives the reader the feeling that he himself is walking over the classic ground, spade in hand, and penetrating the dark passages of tombs which for more than two thousand years have preserved their secrets from human eyes. General Di Cesnola's work is embellished with maps and many engravings of vases, jewels, statues, and other objects of interest, and contains appendices giving much valuable information.

In *Art Education Applied to Industry*, Mr. George Ward Nichols relates something of the history of art as applied to common trades and occupations in Europe, and discusses methods of instruction in the United States best adapted to our people and institutions. Decoration of pottery in all countries, wood-carving, ornamental bric-à-brac, and various artistic objects of every-day use, are described by the author as evidence of the industrial art education of the common people of Europe, and his interesting work is supplemented by numerous engravings of the objects described. This volume is elegantly printed, gilt-edged, and bound in ornamental covers.

Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations, by William C. Prime, LL.D., is a magnificently printed volume, which would be a gift most welcome to any collector of ceramics. These collectors already form a large class in the United States, and there is scarcely a parlor which does not contain among its ornaments some bit of pottery or china-ware, if it be only a cup and saucer covered with butterflies and roses, the last remains of the grandmother's wedding tea set. Many who possess really worthy collections of ceramics are unable to classify them, or group them on their shelves with any order beyond that of mere harmony of color. It is especially for this class of collectors that Dr. Prime's book is intended. A beautiful or curious cup, or plate, or jar is doubly interesting if one knows its history, the kind of ware of which it is a specimen, and the place and date of its manufacture. Dr. Prime's book will be found an invaluable aid in classifying a collection. It contains very full descriptions of ancient and modern pottery of all kinds, a list of important reference-books on ceramics, and an extensive table of fac-similes of marks and monograms found on pottery and porcelain, by which specimens may be identified. This work is richly illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings.

Another work of great value to collectors, and of lively interest to general readers, is *The Ceramic Art*, by Miss Jennie J. Young. In this attractive volume, which contains over four hundred and fifty wood-engravings, Miss Young gives the most condensed and at the same time comprehensive history of ceramics which has ever been published. Her information has been drawn from the most reliable sources, as well as from her own enthusiastic studies. On the pottery of America, from the most ancient times down to the present condition of the modern manufactories of the United States, Miss Young gives full and intensely interesting information. Her book is a valuable acquisition to any household library, as it gives in easy, fascinating style the history of one of the great industrial arts of the world.

Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages, by Charles Eliot Norton, would be a most acceptable holiday gift to any person of æsthetic taste and culture. Mr. Norton gives an elaborate treatise on the great cathedrals of Venice, Florence, and Siena, describing in detail all the circumstances attending their construction, a description which involves a history of the people of those cities during the period when these magnificent structures of that most famous age of church-building were being erected, and an account of the celebrated architects who directed the work. Mr. Norton writes in the simple, scholarly style of one thoroughly familiar with his subject in all its details. His work is entirely free from wearisome architectural technicalities, and is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end.

A book of special interest to many readers, which is just now ready for publication by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is *The Mendelssohn Family*, translated from the German of Sebastian Hensel by Carl Klingemann and an American collaborator. This work, which is in two volumes, is made up from letters and journals covering the period from 1729, the date of the birth of Moses Mendelssohn, to 1847, the year in which Felix Mendelssohn, the great musician and the grandson of Moses, died. To Sebastian Hensel, a son of the musician's sister Fanny, this family biography has been a labor of love. Combining personal reminiscences and family traditions with the material contained in letters and other documents, he has made a book of rare interest, which transports the reader into the most cultivated social life of Germany, and brings him into familiar intercourse with many celebrated personages.

To any person not already the fortunate possessor of Harper's new library edition of standard works these beautiful reprints would be a most acceptable and valuable holiday gift. This edition comprises the *History of England* and the miscellaneous works of Macaulay, five volumes in each set; Hume's *History of England*, in six volumes; Richard Hildreth's *History of the United States*, in six volumes; Motley's *United Netherlands*, *Dutch Republic*, and *John of Barneveld*, nine volumes in all; and Gibbon's *Roman Empire*, in six volumes. The new reprint of Peter Cunningham's *Works of Oliver Goldsmith* also belongs to this edition. Of the merit of these works it is unnecessary to speak, as all the reading world knows their worth, but attention may be called to the special adaptation of this edition for library use. The print is large and clear, the size of the volume convenient, and the binding of dark cloth both neat and substantial. Each set is in a box.

A work of rare interest, written in a style to captivate all classes of readers, is the *History of the English People*, by John Richard Green. The four volumes which compose Mr. Green's work cover the period from the middle of the fifth century to 1815, the date of the battle of Waterloo. He is one of the most brilliant of modern historians, and from the very outset the reader recognizes the fact that he is in thorough sympathy with his subject. Entirely conversant with the works of all previous writers on English history, Mr. Green has also made much independent research, which enables him to throw new light upon many important events. In the task of presenting history in popular form no writer has been so successful as he.

Those desiring short biographies of literary men will find the "English Men of Letters Series" admirably adapted to their requirements. "Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand are the most useful, after all," said Dr. Johnson, and that is precisely the character of these volumes. Readers with not sufficient leisure to master the contents of more extended biographies will find in these convenient books all the information they require concerning the life and writings of celebrated English authors. These biographies are prepared by the best English writers of the present time, each biography being complete in a single volume. Twenty-four volumes have already appeared, and others are in preparation.

Two publications of high literary merit, either of which would be a suitable holiday gift, are *Studies of the Greek Poets*, by John Addington Symonds, and *A History of Classical Greek Literature*, by J. P. Mahaffy. Mr. Symonds's work treats exclusively of the poets of ancient Greece. It is the most fascinating book ever written on classic literature, and while displaying thorough scholarship, is written in such familiar, graceful style that those seeking a first acquaintance with the Greek poets could not procure a better medium. The work is enriched with many spirited and elegant translations of select passages. In the work by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy the prose authors as well as the poets of ancient Greece are included. It is a very accurate and scholarly presentation of this great branch of classic literature, and will be found very useful by young students.

McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature would be a most useful and valuable holiday present to a clergyman. This important work is complete in ten volumes. It includes not only all objects and places mentioned or alluded to in the Bible, but also the history of all creeds and ecclesiastical organizations of all countries, ancient and modern, biographies of eminent preachers and writers in any way connected with the Church, and a vast amount of general information on all topics in any way associated with Biblical literature. It is also an invaluable work for the library of any family where the daily reading of the Scriptures gives rise to many questions, to answer which a good religious reference-book is necessary.

Harper's Latin Dictionary, founded on the translation of the great Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. Freund, edited by E. A. Andrews, LL.D., revised, enlarged, and in great part rewritten by Charlton Lewis, Ph.D., and Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, is the best standard Latin dictionary for the use of students. It contains all the latest emendations resulting from the investigations of modern philologists, and would be a most suitable present to any student of Latin literature.

To obtain good reading for the boys and girls of the household is a most important duty for every parent.

Children seek entertainment and recreation, and are liable to fall into the habit of feasting their vivid imagination on sensational and harmful books, in which boys especially are excited to undertake all kinds of wild and dangerous adventures, if a more healthful class of reading is not placed in their hands. It is easy to lead children through pleasant and pure ways, but it is almost an impossibility to bring them back from bad influences, and root out from their minds the seeds of corruption if they are once allowed to settle there. Children of this generation must have books. Toys are acceptable to the very little ones, but the moment the childish intellect begins to develop, books are a necessity. There never was such a large number of children's books published as at the present time, and the only difficulty is how to select those which combine instruction and elevating influences with interest and amusement. Children are the sharpest critics in the world. A person of mature mind will overlook the faults of a dull and ponderous style if the information he seeks be conveyed therein. He may condemn, but he will not reject. But a child will have nothing to do with a dull book, nor with one that simplifies instruction to the extent of silliness—a thing too often done by many writers for children. Little folks are not fond of being patted on the head and taught in a patronizing fashion by their elders, but they wish to be treated like good, sensible little men and women, and receive pure and healthy material for their little brains to work upon.

In their selection of publications for youthful readers Harper & Brothers have always endeavored to keep these facts in view, and the immense success of their books for boys and girls proves their estimate of youthful requirements to be correct.

Harper's Young People, a beautiful illustrated weekly for children, although only at the beginning of its third year, has a circulation which extends wherever English is spoken. It is eagerly watched for in every part of the United States. It goes to England, to South America and Mexico, and to many distant islands; and to the children of many American families residing in foreign countries it is a cherished weekly visitor from their far-away home. The contents of *Harper's Young People* are of the very highest order. It contains sparkling and healthful stories; poems, many of which have already become standard and favorite pieces for declamation in schools; instructive and entertaining articles on art, history, literature, science, and natural history; and many suggestions for sports, games, and employment for summer days and winter evenings. Good puzzles are given in every number, which, judging from the many answers received, are a source of great amusement. The Post-office Box is a department both unique and entertaining, and is the largest and most perfect thing of its kind. Its special object is to place all the little readers of *Young People* in communication with each other, thus creating a bond of sympathy between children of all lands and climes. The popularity of this department is shown by the immense number of children's letters which are received daily. These little people write of their studies, their sports, their pets—of everything, in short, which goes to make up the sum of childish life. As many as possible of their letters are printed, and eagerly read by other little folks, who live perhaps in an entirely different section of the country, and in this way learn new sports and new pleasures. A vast number of questions asked by the youthful correspondents have been answered in the Post-office Box, and in that way much varied and useful information has been given. The Exchange department, which forms a part of the Post-office Box, by means of which the children exchange minerals, pressed flowers, and other articles of interest, is very extensive, and has been the means of developing in many boys and girls the desire to collect rare and beautiful things, especially natural curiosities, and not only to collect them, but to learn as much about them as possible. Many a botanical or mineralogical student will in years to come look back to the time when he began his collection of curiosities through the medium of *Harper's Young People.*

The engravings in this periodical are especially prepared to delight and interest the young, and no pains are spared to make them of the finest quality. Besides exquisite pictures of child-life, many fine wood-cuts of celebrated paintings are given, as well as views of interesting places, and portraits of many historical personages in whom children take interest.

In many public and private schools *Harper's Young People* is used as a class reader, both teachers and scholars taking delight in its interesting and instructive contents. The tedium of the reading class vanishes at once when there is something new to read, and if the interest of a child is only awakened, every teacher knows how much better is the result. The managers of the Chautauqua Young People's Reading Union have included *Harper's Young People* among those works which its members are required to read, which is the very highest indorsement of the instructive, entertaining, and pure moral character of the paper.

A year's subscription to *Harper's Young People* is a welcome Christmas gift to any boy or girl. The third volume, which began with the number issued November 1, 1881, will be superior, if possible, to those which have already appeared. Arrangements have been made for contributions from the very best writers for the young; a large and rich variety of instructive articles on science, history, and kindred subjects will be given; there will be many sparkling short stories calculated to inspire noble and generous impulses and manly ambition; and new serial tales of absorbing interest, besides poems, rhymes for the little folks, and many other attractions. Former readers of the paper will be delighted to hear that "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" will be introduced to them by James Otis, and that in the chapters recounting his history they will meet with many persons whom they have already known in company with "Toby Tyler." This Christmas gift is within the means of every one, and is one that will last during the entire year, bringing every week a new fund of amusement and instruction. The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1881 is now ready, and is also an acceptable present. It is bound in a handsomely embellished cover, and contains a larger variety of attractions than can be found in any other book.

The Boy Travellers in the Far East, by THOMAS W. KNOX, is fascinating as well as instructive reading for boys, and is overflowing with adventures which delight boyish hearts. The third volume of this popular series is just published, and forms, with the two preceding volumes, a magnificent library of travel for youthful readers. Although the characters of the boys, Frank and Fred, are continued through the series, still each volume is complete in itself, and gives a faithful picture of the countries traversed by the young travellers. In the first volume of the series Frank and Fred, under the guidance of Fred's uncle, Dr. Bronson, visit Japan and China. They go to many interesting cities, they ascend Fusiyama, the great Japanese mountain, and travel up and down through city and country, observing the strange inhabitants and their manners and customs. The information given was obtained by the author during his own travels in those countries, and is correct in every particular.

In Volume Second Frank and Fred visit Siam and Java, and have many adventures in Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago. They see many remarkable buildings both ancient and modern, travel by sea and by land, and learn wonderful and curious things about the far-distant countries they visit. They see crocodiles and elephants, and make interesting studies in natural history and botany.

Part Third, the new volume of this series, is devoted to Ceylon and India, and includes descriptions of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah. This volume is of especial interest, as it pictures the present condition of the country where Dr. Adoniram Judson and other early missionaries labored and suffered for the cause of Christ, and gives some account of the terrible hardships they underwent, and the abuse they received from the hands of those whom they were sacrificing their lives to benefit. In Part Third the travels of Frank and Fred in the far East are finished. They leave Bombay under "sealed orders," as they are told by their good friend Dr. Bronson, and their future destination remains a mystery. There is, however, every prospect that the boy readers who have become their friends will be able to travel with them through other strange and interesting countries.

All the volumes of the *Boy Travellers in the Far East* are profusely illustrated with maps and interesting engravings, and are bound in beautifully colored covers, embellished with appropriate designs.

Another new book by THOMAS W. KNOX, especially prepared for the edification and instruction of boys, is *The Young Nimrods in North America*, containing hunting adventures by land and sea in different portions of the United States. Considerable natural history has been interwoven with these stories of hunting and fishing and camp life, and the information and adventures are told mostly in dialogue form, which adds to the sparkling interest of the book.

"Harper's Young People Series" is composed of fascinating stories which have appeared as serials in *Harper's Young People*. Four volumes are already published. They are *The Moral Pirates*, by W. L. ALDEN; *The Cruise of the Ghost*, by the same popular author; *Who was Paul Grayson?* by JOHN HABBERTON, author of *Helen's Babies;* and *Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus*, by JAMES OTIS. These beautiful stories are all familiar to the readers of *Young People*, and have been received with universal expressions of interest and delight. They now appear in small neat volumes, printed in large clear type, and illustrated with spirited engravings. The bindings are very attractive, and embellished with designs appropriate to the story.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN'S books of historical reading for the young are the very best kind of volumes to be placed in the hands of children. Boys who learn early to enjoy reading of the struggles of nations to gain liberty and to establish right and justice are already preparing themselves to make good and useful citizens. *The Boys of '76: a History of the Battles of the Revolution*, is a book intensely interesting to all young Americans. The principal events of the Revolution are clearly related in a style admirably calculated to please boys and girls. The hardships, sacrifices, and final triumph of the heroes of one hundred years ago are vividly pictured, and the most thrilling interest characterizes the entire narrative.

In *The Story of Liberty* Mr. Coffin relates heroic events in the history of different nations during the past five hundred years. In this book an outline is given of the march of the human race from slavery to freedom. It is shown how momentous results are often brought about by events which appear at the time insignificant, and that it is not always great conflicts of arms that decide the destiny of nations. Numerous important episodes are pictured in this volume in such attractive form as to induce the reader to seek other histories, and study the frame-work of which they are the centre. It is unnecessary to state that books which inspire a desire for a broader course of reading are especially valuable for the young.

Old Times in the Colonies contains a graphic description of the discovery of America, of the Pilgrims, and the first years of the Plymouth settlement, of the terrible struggles of our forefathers with the Indians, and of many events of our national history previous to the war of the Revolution.

These historical books by Mr. Coffin are copiously illustrated with elegant wood-engravings, beautifully printed, and bound in ornamental, attractive covers.

Another interesting volume of history for youthful readers is *The Story of the United States Navy*, by BENSON J. LOSSING. This book contains the story of the life of famous naval heroes and their noble work, accounts of celebrated war vessels, and the engagements in which they were conspicuous, and many other facts concerning the navy of the United States. It is written in easy, familiar style, and profusely illustrated with portraits, pictures of vessels, and views of places where remarkable naval battles have taken place, and other engravings of interest.

A small and prettily illustrated volume of natural history for children is *Friends Worth Knowing*, by ERNEST INGERSOLL. Many of the inhabitants of woods and fields described by the author are familiar to all boys and girls. Bluebirds, song-sparrows, wild mice, orioles, and other little creatures are seen every day. Their names are well known, and also their appearance as they perch among the leaves or on the old stone wall, or scamper about the fields. Mr. Ingersoll introduces his readers to the little homes of these "friends," and gives many interesting facts about their habits which are only revealed to a careful observer. Natural history is always an interesting subject to children, and one in which they should be early instructed.

Another attractive volume for children, containing many facts of natural history, and also much information concerning physical and political geography, is *What Mr. Darwin Saw in his Voyage Round the World in the Ship Beagle.* This volume is compiled from Mr. Darwin's large work. There are chapters describing animals and birds of many kinds. The section entitled "Man" contains accounts of strange peoples, particularly those inhabiting distant and wild localities. Foreign countries are graphically pictured, their cities, their rivers, mountains, valleys, and plains; and earthquakes, fossils, and other things in nature are explained in such language as any intelligent child can understand. This book is very instructive and very entertaining. It is published with numerous maps and illustrations, and with an elegantly illuminated cover.

An elegant gift-book for boys is *The Life and Habits of Wild Animals*, illustrated from designs by JOSEPH WOLF, an artist who from his youth up devoted himself to observing and drawing animals. Many important scientific works of natural history have been illustrated by his truthful pencil. The engravings in this book are full-page, and represent the animals in their native haunts. The descriptive letter-press is by Mr. DANIEL G. ELLIOT, a naturalist of wide experience, and will be found of the highest interest by boys, and even by more mature readers. This volume is a large quarto, gilt-edged, and beautifully bound.

Fairy stories are a continual source of delight to little readers, and when they are pure and healthful in tone they should always be combined with more serious reading. One of the most charming books ever written is *The Catskill Fairies*, by Miss VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, beautifully illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS, who has evidently visited fairy-land for the special purpose of making these fantastic and graceful drawings. These Catskill fairies spin wonderful stories of adventure for the amusement of little Job, who is snowed in alone on the mountain during his grandfather's absence; even his pet Angora cat becomes a fairy under the influence of the midnight snow-storm, and chatters merrily with her little master. Miss Johnson's style is pure and simple, and this delightful book shows that she knows how to interest children as well as older people.

Among other fairy-books published by Harper & Brothers are the fascinating tales by MACÉ and by LABOULAYE; *The Little Lame Prince*, and other stories, by Miss MULOCK, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman;* and *The Princess Idleways*, by Mrs. W. J. HAYS, a story for girls, of intense interest, and containing a beautiful moral.